

Life

10¢

May 17, 1929



For Heaven's Sake!

IF you wonder why Gillette makes a razor as big as the Big Fellow — well, try it. The extra heft in handle and head contributes appreciably to the comfort of your shave; the roomy case permits you to throw your outfit together in a hurry, if you have to. Razor and box may be had in either silver or gold plate, and both will last a lifetime. The price \$5.00. Twenty shaving edges (10 double-edged Gillette Blades) included. Other models from \$5.00 to \$75.00. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE NEW IMPROVED
Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR



Surpassing Previous Records

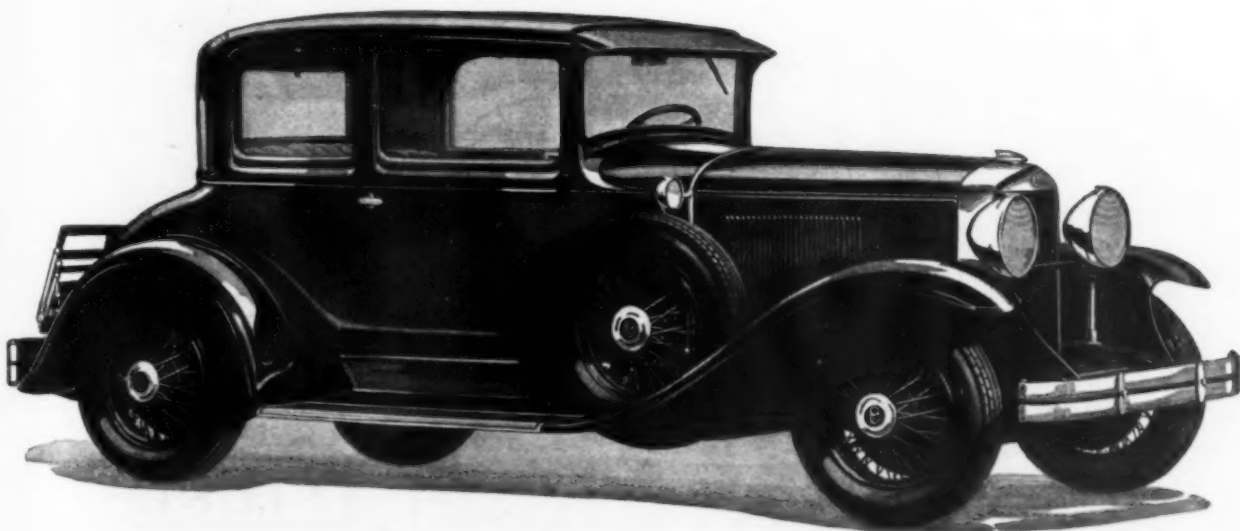


With the industry building better motor cars and selling them at lower prices—it is gratifying to find that Graham-Paige is enjoying the greatest business in the company's history. This follows a 1928 sales volume that established a new first year record.

FIVE CHASSIS—SIXES AND EIGHTS
\$895 to \$2495

Car illustrated is Model 621, six cylinder, four passenger Coupe, with Four Speeds Forward, \$1595. All prices at factory—special equipment extra on all models.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



GRAHAM-PAIGE

What would
the world's
greatest
travel
system
plan?



1929...1930 WINTER CRUISES

Do you know that there is a single travel system...with its own offices in 35 Asiatic ports, 52 European cities...with regular routes covering two-thirds of the globe...with connecting systems such as State Railways of India...with cruise experience covering 500,000 miles?

What cruises would such a system plan? Canadian Pacific presents for 1929-30:

ROUND-THE-WORLD

More than ever, the great world experience. Three added ports. Five outstanding events. The epochs of Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, China. Empress of Australia, 21,850 gross tons. From New York, Dec. 2, 137 days. From \$2000.

SOUTH AMERICA-AFRICA

The world in its most startling contrasts. West Indies...South America...South Africa...Interior Africa...last of the vast wilderness...East Africa...Egypt...the Mediterranean. From New York, Jan. 21, by Duchess of Atholl, 20,000 gross tons. 104 days. \$1500 up.

MEDITERRANEAN

Two cruises, 73 days each. Empress of Scotland (Feb. 3). Empress of France (Feb. 13). Both from New York. As low as \$900.

The alluring details are in booklets. If you have a good travel agent, ask him. Also the Canadian Pacific: 344 Madison Ave., New York... 71 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago... 201 St. James St., West, Montreal... and 30 other Cities in U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific



708 Spadina Ave.,
Toronto, Canada

Dear Life:

In your edition of LIFE January 18th, 1929, I saw an advertisement for Lucky Strike Cigarettes, in which Count Felix von Luckner, a German war ace, was used. I counted twenty medals on his chest. Perhaps each one of them was granted for sinking an American ship—loaded with American women and children—perhaps the largest was given him for sinking the Lusitania.

What is the American people coming to? Do they set aside all honor, and higher instincts in order that the Almighty Dollar may be made?

We as Canadians cannot forget the cruelties of the Germans and their base deeds on the women of France and Belgium.

Can we forget our boys that are still lying in Flanders fields—my brother still there. Of course I realize that United States only being in the war a few months only lost a few men and gained billions of dollars. So they can forget more easily than we Canadians. In my opinion you are honorless and base to allow such an advertisement to be printed in your magazine. Thank God I am a Canadian with true English blood in me and not a mixture of every race running in my veins as most Americans are.

Would like to have an answer to this letter. Come, now, are all Americans yellow? G. W. Whitaker.

Dear Knickerbocker Jr.

Would suggest that next time you attend a baseball game you buy tickets for an entire section of grand stand. In this way you would be insured of no uncouth neighbors; also equip yourself with a pair of ear muffs.

Then again this might all be unnecessary. You might stop sitting in the bleachers and all will be well.

Yours truly, Paul Kruse.

Newark, N. J.

Dear Life:

I enclose herewith check for \$5.00. Kindly enter subscription for LIFE in the name of Mrs. Mildred P. Vanderbilt.

While waiting in a dentist's office, Mrs. Vanderbilt became so enthused over a recent issue of LIFE that she entirely forgot where she was and the peculiar horror of her immediate environment. Leslie L. Vanderbilt.

THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL



CLEAN TO USE
6 Times More Lasting



NO messy spilling with new non-liquid lighter fuel. Simply squeeze the tube... Fill any type pocket or table lighter.

Lyterlife last six times longer than liquid fuels... can't leak, evaporate or explode... burns clear and white, without smoke, carbon or residue.

Large tube... sold everywhere. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ont.

A RONSON PRODUCT LYTERLIFE

THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL

Lyterlife, the non-liquid fuel, is protected by U. S. patents pending. Our original U. S. patent No. 1084386 covers lighters using solid lighter fuel. U. S. and foreign rights covered by other patents pending. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.



RONSON LIGHTER STARTS NEW FAD

Ronson owners, enthusiastic about this lighter, have started a new game. All over the country today they are challenging owners of other cigarette lighters to a miss-and-out contest.

"FOR THIRTY MINUTES WE HAD PLAYED THE LIGHTER GAME, THERE IN THE CLUB CAR OF THE BROADWAY LIMITED."

"It's a shame to take the money A RONSON lights every time"

If we hadn't pulled into Penn. Station for another hour, I might have made expenses from Chicago.

"For thirty minutes we had played the Lighter Game, there in the club car of the Broadway Limited on the way to New York.

"My lighter was the only Ronson, and I won steadily. I told them it was a shame to take the money—that they didn't have a chance. But they were unconvinced that a Ronson lights every time.

"Well, they paid me to find out.

"Lucky there wasn't another Ronson in the crowd, or the battle would have been a draw."

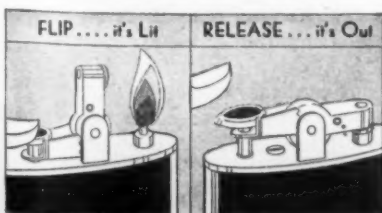
The Ronson is just as *easy* to light as it is *sure* to light. It has no cap to lift, no wheel to spin. Just press and it lights—in the flick of an eye. Release, and it's out. No soiled fingers, no need for an educated thumb.

Keep the flint and the fuel renewed, and your Ronson goes right on working without a miss

for years, because it is made as sturdy as a steel die, yet as precise as a fine watch.

Styles for men and women, for business, sport and evening use, as well as table models, in scores of beautiful finishes, many priced at \$5, and ranging up to \$3,000 for jeweled presentation models.

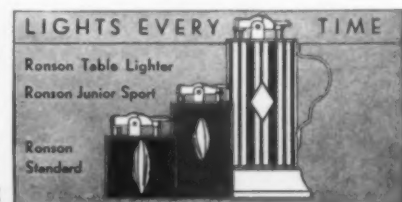
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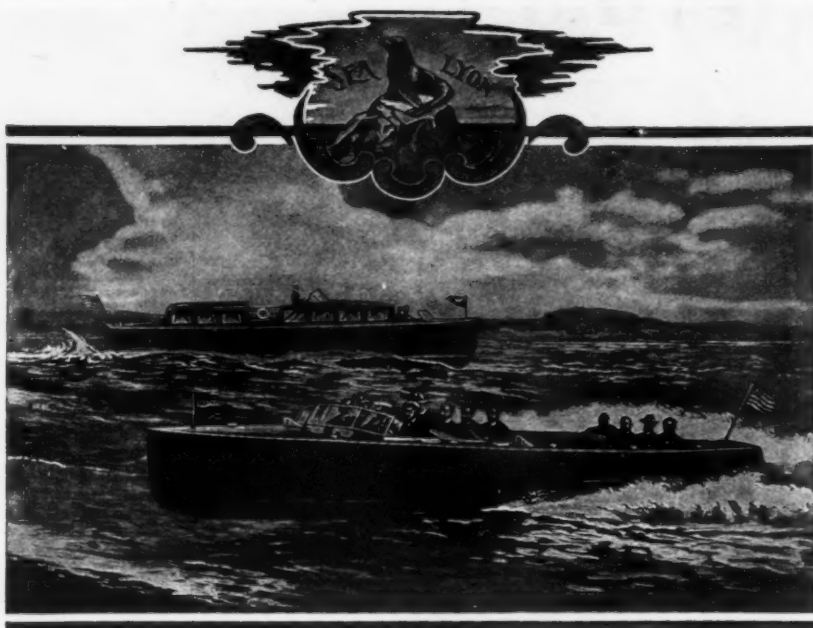


RONSON

De-light

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER





SUPERBLY beautiful boats, conceived by master designers, built by recognized skill, appointed with discriminating taste, the Lyon-Tuttle boats express the Metropolitan idea brilliantly. ¶ They cost a little more with the Sterling Petrel 200 H.P. engine because Sterling simply won't build down to meet a price. The difference you pay is easily justified by the better running and longer life of the Petrel. ¶ You have but to look at this engine to see the difference; to hear the clear, even exhaust to know it's a better engine; to run it a few seasons to really appreciate this Sterling Petrel.



THE STERLING ENGINE CO. Buffalo, N.Y.



"Dad, why are you so opposed to my marrying Aloysius?"
"Principally because I don't like the looks of the thing!"

A Clothes Call!

(A Tucking Short)

Characters:

SUR COAT, who is stock-up because of his tie-tie.

PETTY COAT, who wants to get hooked.

JACK ET, a garb in the U. S. Navy.

BERTHA, a mysterious collar.

TROWSER, a dog that snaps.

Act One

Scene: A garden, with a babbling brook and rustic breeches. (Enter SUR COAT.)

SUR COAT (singing): My wife's gown to the country—ARRAY! AR-RAY!

(Enter PETTY COAT and JACK ET).

PETTY COAT (slyly): Good mourning, Father! Weed like to hear you sing some more.

SUR COAT (surlily): Hose that young man that stocking to you?

PETTY COAT: Oh, he's my bow!

JACK ET (cordially): Pleats to meet you.

SUR COAT (to PETTY COAT): I'll not have you seen with guise like that!

PETTY COAT: But Father, I love hem!

JACK ET: And I care for her over-all women! (to PETTY COAT) Don I?

SUR COAT (impatiently): Wear do you get that stuff? I shall not waist words with you!

PETTY COAT (desperately): But I gauntlet him go! I am s-mitten with him!

JACK ET (sadly): Of corset grieves me not to stay, bodice all for the vest!

PETTY COAT (lovingly): I will always be trousseau do not fear!

(Exit JACK ET, lingeringly)

Act Two

Scene: SUR COAT's den, overlooking hill and veil. SUR COAT is discovered at desk.

SUR COAT (musing to himself): The golden sun sets undervest . . . I w-underwear my wifie is tonight . . . How the day slips by! It is five-thirty by the cloak!

(KNOCK AT DOOR): Wrap! Wrap!

SUR COAT (uncertainly): Hook can it be?

VOICE (softly): It is EYE!

SUR COAT (in surprise, opening door): Ah! Won't you step-in?

(Enter BERTHA, A MYSTERIOUS COLLAR).

BERTHA (still softly): Are you shirt won't inconvenience you?

SUR COAT (formally): May I see your cardigan?

BERTHA: I have come to see you about an in-vestment—(advances swiftly) an in-vestment in love!

SUR COAT (uneasily): Look out—I wouldn't derby caught!

(Continued on Page 7)

Waterman's No.

Seven
Points



Seven
Dollars

Red	Yellow	Purple	Pink	Blue	Green	Grey
Standard —Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.	Rounded —A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits south-paws.	Stiff, Fine —Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.	Flexible, Fine —As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.	Blunt —An improved stub point. Makes a broad or fine line as desired. Unusual and rapid writers like this pen.	Rigid —Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequalled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.	Oblique Point —A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.

Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit your taste, whoever you are.

Why Seven Dollars? To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder, and Clip-Cap.

Waterman's number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

At any one of our fifty thousand dealers try all the seven points—the dealers expect it and are glad when you do. One of the 7 is exactly the point you prefer

**Guaranteed Forever
Against All Defects**

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago Montreal San Francisco

**Use Waterman's Inks
Sold Everywhere**

Waterman's



The AIRPLANE FEEL of the Franklin opens the road to new motoring thrills

You are driving the Franklin for the first time. "Incomparable," you say, as you start ahead in second speed, mounting to fifty-five miles an hour—as quietly as in high.

There's a short, easy shift to high and you are even more thrilled! Actually you feel as though you were piloting an airplane. Such a surge of power. The acceleration is amazingly fast. How smooth—like a gliding gull. Relax—you can be more relaxed in the Franklin

than in any other car. The riding comfort is truly restful. *Effortlessly and confidently* you control the car.

Air-cooling has made all this possible. Franklin is first to introduce such a revolutionary and different motor car. Will you drive it? We promise you will not only enjoy it—but you will immediately become a life member of the large group of Franklin enthusiasts.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE

The One-Thirty, \$2180 • • • The One-Thirty-Five, \$2485 • • • The One-Thirty-Seven, \$2775 • • • Sedan prices f. o. b. factory

FRANKLIN

A Clothes Call!

(Continued from Page 4)

BERTHA (*passionately, embracing him*): I hat to come! And now, whether you shoes or no, I shall vamp you! You have nearly brogue my heart, but a voice cried from my inner-sole, "Heel yield toe me, at last!" Ah, you are so proud and pump-ous, but you shall be puttee in my hands! You have spats with your wife, but *our* love shall be bootee-ful!

SUR COAT (*weakening*): My wife has a face that would make an apron away!

BERTHA (*tenderly*): What a cute coatee you have on your chin!

SUR COAT (*succumbing*): Cape on—don't stop!

(*Enter the dog TROWSER*).

TROWSER (*excitedly*): Woof! Warp! WOOF!

BERTHA (*nervously*): Why is he breathing in short pants?

TROWSER (*angrily*): Warp-warp! Woof! Warp! WOOF-WOOF!

SUR COAT (*suspiciously*): There's a Knicker in the wood-pile!

TROWSER (*attacking BERTHA*): Warp-warp! Woof-woof! Warp-warp-WOOF-WOOF-WOOF!

(*Enter PETTY COAT, running*).

PETTY COAT: Drawer him off! Drawer him off!

SUR COAT: I can't—he's holding on too tight-ly!

(*Bertha's wig falls off as she hands TROWSER a sock*).

PETTY COAT (*clapping hands*): There, Jack outfit him! Jack outfit him! See him legging it away!

SUR COAT (*bewilderedly*): Hood you say?

JACK ET (*picking up false hair*): The yoke's on you, SUR COAT!

SUR COAT (*sheepishly*): I guess duds right.

PETTY COAT (*mockingly*): "Whether you shoes or no, I shall vamp you!" Never did I seersucker like you, Pa. Heh-heh-heh—pardon my sneakers of laughter! Well, when Ma comes home, we will slipper the goods, and that will gaiter going!

SUR COAT (*sternly*): If eyelet you get hooked, will you stop button in?

PETTY COAT and JACK ET (*in unison*): We shawl!

SUR COAT (*relievedly, to JACK ET*): Well, now you garter, so you garter supporter. And she suspender, believe me!

JACK ET (*fondly*): I do not think she will costume much.

SUR COAT (*offering cigarettes*): Have a smock? Not a cuff in a carload!

JACK ET: Thanks, I just as sleeve.

PETTY COAT (*happily*): We will live in the house that Jack belt!

(*Curtain*)

—Marian Deitrick.



EVERY IMPORTANT GOLF TOURNAMENT EXCEPT ONE SO FAR THIS YEAR* HAS BEEN WON WITH THE SPALDING BALL



And in most of these tournaments, it was played by at least 90% of the entire field



LOS ANGELES \$10,000
OPEN - - - - -

EL PASO OPEN - - - - -

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MIAMI BEACH OPEN - - - - -

OREGON OPEN - - - - -

SACRAMENTO OPEN - - - - -

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
OPEN - - - - -

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CATALINA OPEN - - - - -

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FLORIDA WEST COAST
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FLORIDA OPEN - - - - -

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SOUTH CENTRAL OPEN - - - - -

TEXAS OPEN - - - - -

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NEW ZEALAND OPEN - - - - -

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OPEN - - - - -

NORTH AND SOUTH
AMATEUR - - - - -

HAWAIIAN OPEN - - - - -

HOT SPRINGS OPEN LONG DRIVING CONTEST

*To April 20

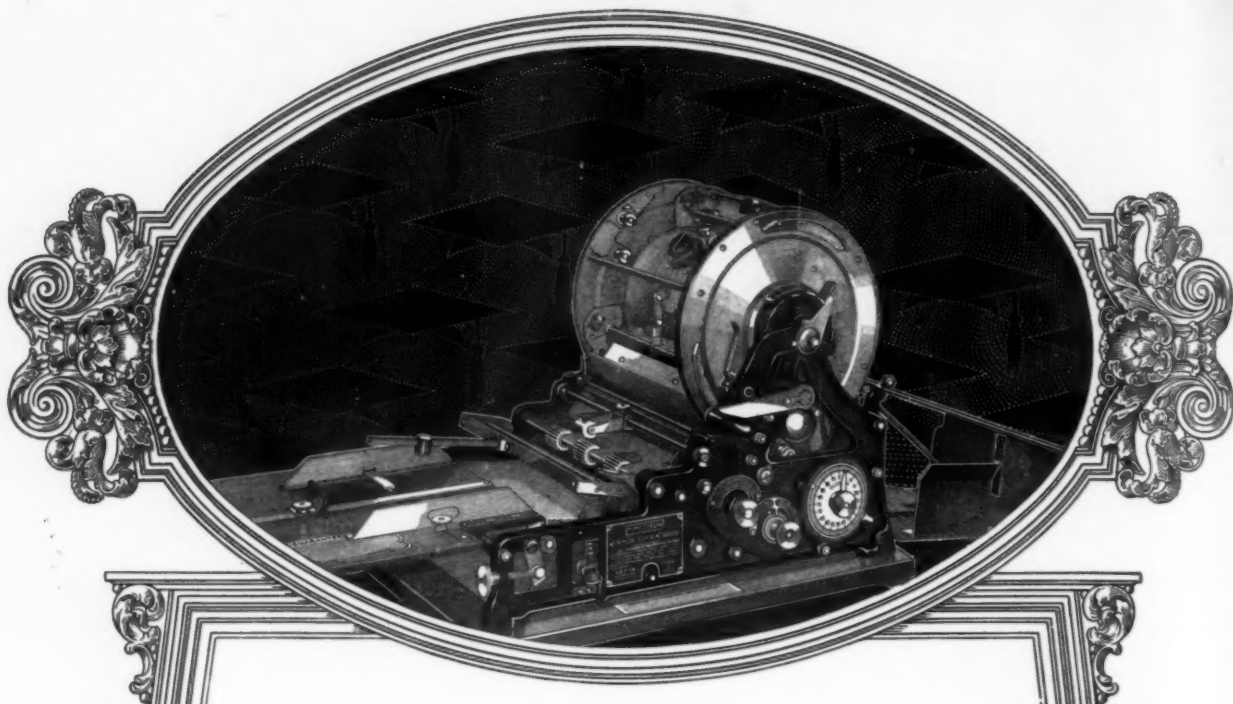
IN THE PAST TEN YEARS, THE SPALDING BALL HAS WON THREE TIMES AS MANY MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIPS AS ALL OTHER MAKES COMBINED
~~~~~"It happens too often to call it luck."~~~~~

## SPALDING GOLF BALLS

Each 75 cents

*A. G. Spalding & Bros.*





## L-EARNING

The big rewards today go not to the possessors of facts but to the users of facts. To put thought into action is the big task of the hour. And no device in all the world is doing more to speed that vital process than the Mimeograph. Its unrivalled ability to easily reproduce letters, forms, charts, maps, etc., in accurate duplicate, and at small cost, has made it indispensable to modern business and education. Speedy! Whatever can be typed or traced on its stencil sheet is instantly ready for duplication in hourly thousands. A private and inexpensive printing plant that does not demand a skilled operator. It quickly earns its way by means of countless economies. Let us tell you how mimeographing can prove its profitableness to you. Full particulars without obligation from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

# M I M E O G R A P H





# Life



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VOLUME 93

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NUMBER 2428

CLAIR MAXWELL, *President*  
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Vice-President*

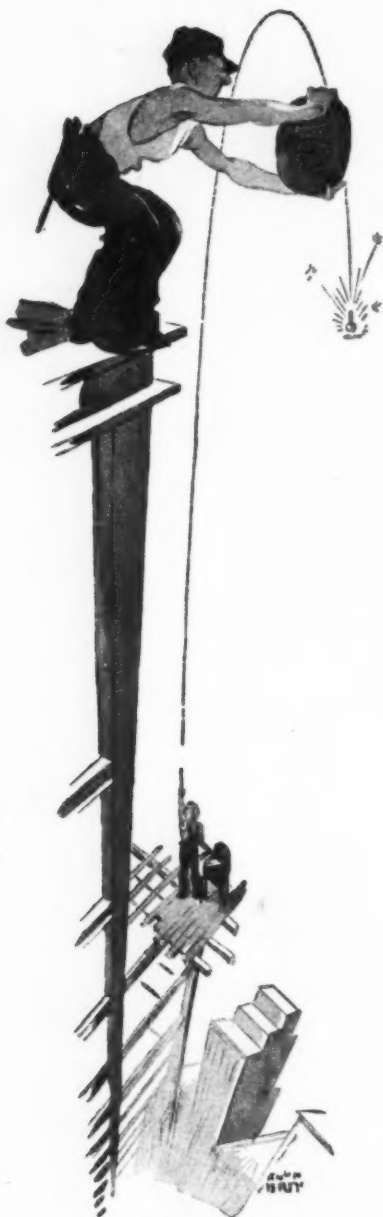
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *Chairman of the Board*

NORMAN ANTHONY, *Editor*  
HENRY A. RICHTER, *Secretary-Treasurer*



*Columbus discovers Miss America.*

# Life



"Butterfingers!"

## The Last of Him

The absent-minded professor has finally been killed. He jumped from an airplane and didn't open the parachute because it wasn't raining.

Now that even chain cigar stores are putting in lunch counters, you can get something to eat almost anywhere except at home.

A movie actor got hit by a truck and it knocked him screechless.

"What's that awful humming?"  
"Oh, just the theme song for a mosquito bite."

"What kind of a sandwich is that?"  
"I think it's cheese plated."



"Please now Oscar! No mammy songs!"

The path of glory leads but to the cigarette ad.

It's fun to get a picture of a battleship and try to guess which rope or which ladder rung was bought with your income tax money.

GO-GETTER:  
"Darling, I worship you.  
Will you marry me?"



For the benefit of movie title writers who will now have to write dialogue for the talkies there is some talk of a move to have comic magazines published in the form of phonograph records.

"No, I'm not mad; just terribly heard," protested the movie star as she witnessed the showing of her initial Talkie test.



"Pheasants, Junior, not rabbits! Rabbits aren't smart!"

"Why would you standing on a dime be like Woolworth's?"  
 "I'm cornered!"  
 "Well stupid—it would be Nothing Over Ten Cents."  
*X marks spot where body was found.*

The man who invented the phrase "pretty as a picture" had evidently never seen a tabloid newspaper.

FOND MOTHER—Quiet Dear, the sandman is coming.

MODERN CHILD—Okay mom, a dollar and I won't tell pop.

No matter how influential you are, you'll never feel as important as a man looking at a small town through the window of a dining car.



"Hello—Cal?—this is Hoover—Say—where the heck did you put that electric button that opens up expositions?"

### Exchange

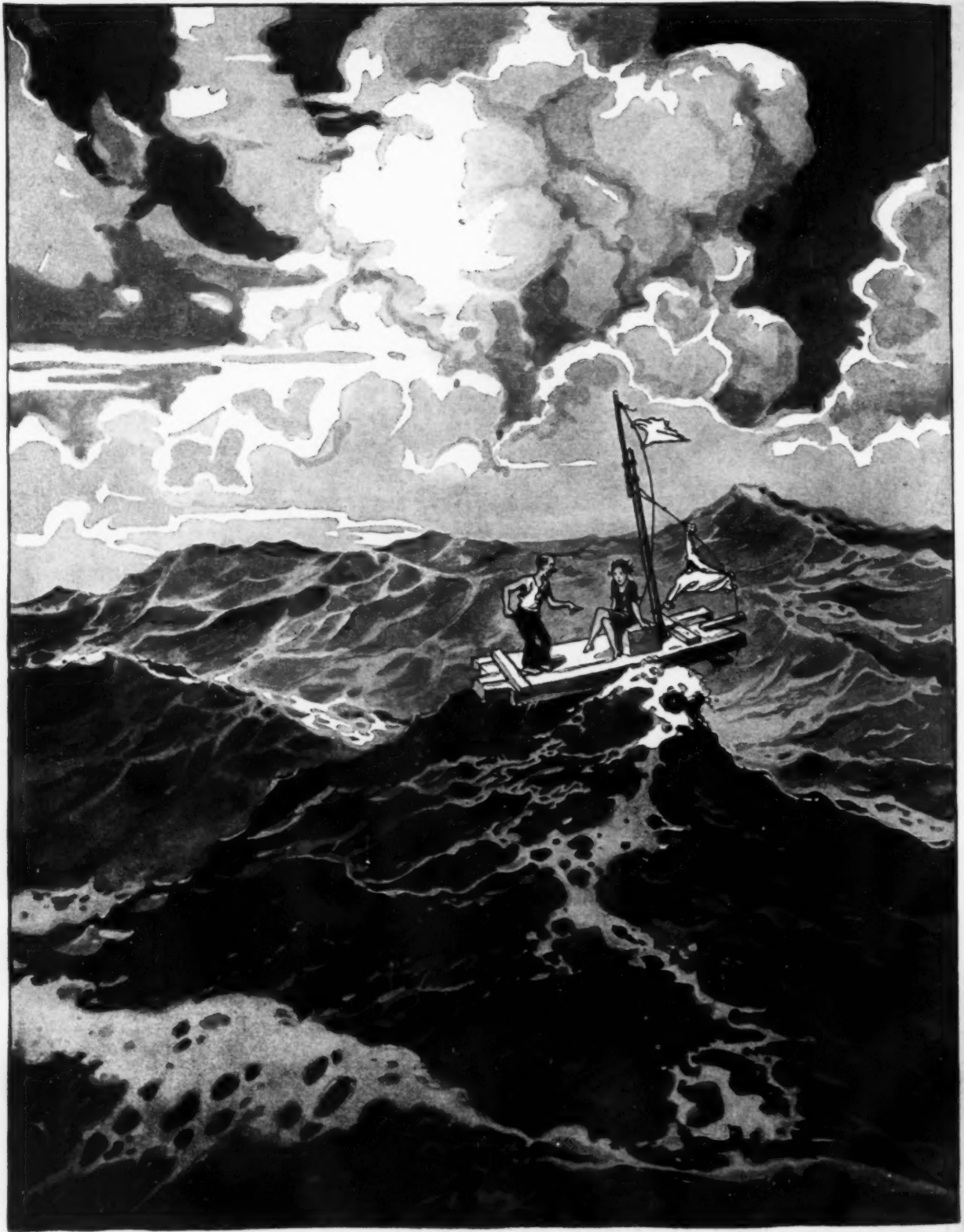
Tell me your troubles, darling;  
 Tell me your hopes and your fears.  
 Tell me what ails you, sweetheart;  
 Tell me what brought on your tears.

Tell me your heartaches, honey;  
 Tell me your woes while we dine.  
 Tell me your troubles, baby;  
 Then, darn it, I'll tell you mine!

DIVORCE MOTTO—One man's mate is another man's poison.

### Presence of mind.





*"Emily! Pull down your skirt!"*



# Short Stories of Life



## Awfully Shipwrecked

By Tom Sims

THE wind was fairly strong. Already it had blown the tops' off the gallant Santa Manta, and blown the fo'ard mizzen off, and blown the decks off, and blown the crew and passengers off, and blown the ship off, and left John Henry swimming about in mid-ocean.

But now the wind was increasing. A squall was approaching.

The middle of the ocean is a bad place during a squall, even if you have a ship along to stand on. If you have lost the ship you were using, and have learned to swim only since losing it, as was true in John Henry's case, an approaching squall is considered dangerous.

Staunch of heart, however, John Henry turned his dripping face in the supposed direction of the United States and, since he was once a baseball pitcher, struck out easily.

Could he make it before dark? He thought not. Then where would he spend the night? Just at present, he didn't know.

Such thoughts were running through his mind when he bumped his head on something. It was a raft. A girl smiled down at him.

"Is the United States in this direction?" asked John Henry, making small talk as he clung to the raft, uninvited.

"I'm sorry," said the girl, "but I've never been introduced to you and besides I'm a stranger in this ocean myself, and I really can't say."

So that was it. She, also, was a newcomer.

"What are you doing tonight?" asked John Henry, bold now because a shark was trying to untie one of his shoes.

"Nothing," said the girl. "Nothing to do except sit on a raft."

John Henry sized up the situation at once. Here was a girl, a beautiful girl, sitting on a raft. Why not help her with her sitting?

Besides, the shark had finished removing one of his shoes and was unfastening a garter. In a few seconds the sock would be off and the shark might bite his foot.

The girl's name was Marion, and she was sensible as well as beautiful, and the storm soon subsided, and there was a raft of food aboard, so three months later the tiny craft was washed ashore on an island.

By this time John Henry had grown a beard, and had taken a bath one dark night, and they had eaten all the food. They were hungry.

Their first meal on the island consisted of nothing because they couldn't find anything. The same was true of the second, third, fourth and fifth meals.

(Continued on Page 47)



Robert Peterson





BLOTTO: *They don't seem to answer!*

A Scotchman stole an automobile, but the police got him because after he had the car a while he sent the owner a bill for the gas he was using.

"Did You Call For Help," politely suggested the butler as he applied for a position.



HIGH PRESSURE SALESMAN: *Chief, I can't work today. Sick! All in! No pep!*

## Mergers

Since big mergers are now all the rage,  
I've no doubt it would be lots of fun  
If from commerce I borrowed a page  
And I merged all my girls into one!  
I would merge every lovable trait  
Of each one to achieve my success  
So the maiden that I would create  
All the following charms would possess:  
She'd be blessed with Penelope's eyes.  
She'd have Annabelle's beautiful hair.  
And Dolores who's worldly and wise  
To my merger would lend savoir faire.  
Yes, I'd merge all the maidens I name  
Into one simply marvelous peach,  
Into one irresistible dame  
Who'd retain the best features of each!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

And what if the meek do inherit the earth—they'll only start backyard gardens with it.



*Another "hit and run" affair.*

Silence may be golden, but the goldfish would get much better attention if it could learn to sing or wag its tail and bark.

It's a wise woman who makes her husband feel he is head of the house when he is really only chairman of the entertainment committee.

The only advantage we can see in being a bass drummer is that there is no immediate danger of falling down and swallowing your instrument.

### Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Sometimes, I fancy that the United States will one day become the center of the British Empire.

—St. John Ervine.

Nobody amounts to anything if they've had a happy childhood and youth.

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

Many of my best friends are farmers.

—Sherwood Anderson.

To my way of thinking, one of the soundest reasons for a man's head being placed where it is—on top—is because it can see better "up there."

—George Matthew Adams.

An abundance of IT will make one the life of the party.

—Clara Bow.

The unclothed body should be beautiful in all its proportions.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

In spite of what you hear to the contrary, the prohibition movement in the United States never was a failure and never can be a failure.

—Pussyfoot Johnson.

The average husband is approximately as romantic to his wife as a cow.

—George Jean Nathan.



"Hm! I knew someone was reading over my shoulder!"



"Oh, Mrs. Van Blah, what a beautiful prize! And such a quaint little card with it—'Merry Xmas from Aunt Jane, 1926'."

### Mary Anne, Aged 7

Mary Anne, aged seven, was a nice little girl, but she would swear occasionally. One morning her mother informed her that the next time she used a naughty word she would have to leave home. The very next day Mary Anne dropped her favorite doll and gave vent to a muttered "Damn!"—and without a word her mother packed her tiny suit case and pointed to the door.

Mary Anne walked slowly out of the house and sat down on the steps. In a few minutes a neighbor passed and remarked, pleasantly, "Good morning dear. How is mother?" Mary Anne looked up with a frown and replied, "How the hell should I know? I don't live here any more."



### Success

When Oswald Cleek was ten years old, he was caught by his Aunt Martha reading a volume of Keats' poems. When he was twelve years old he was often seen sauntering in the parks with a tome of Milton or Shakespeare under his arm, and looking just the same as Shelley must have looked in his more inspired moments. When he was fourteen years old, he won the public school poetry contest with a five-hundred line poem on "Falling Leaves."

His teachers in high school fell heavily for him. They predicted a brilliant future for Oswald. His dotting mother was sorry she had not named him Ariel. The name of the future great American poet should be distinctive. Even her relations were impressed by Oswald's budding genius. When they saw Oswald lounging around the house, with a last rose of summer expression in his eyes, and the "Rubaiyat" in his hands, they glanced significantly at each other. Needless to say, Oswald came through all the poetry contests in high school with flying colors. His opponents could not get within eight similes and fourteen metaphors of him.

In college, Oswald was up against stiffer competition, but still he managed to wrestle the muse to a fare-thee-well. From his fluent fountain-pen there flowed blank verse, sonnets,

roundelays, ballads and other wares in the poetical market, which netted him at graduation a gold medal with a black ribbon, and the complete poetical works of Edgar Allen Poe in one volume, with gold edging. Oswald's parents won-

"Have a cigar, officer."

dered whether his bust would look better in bronze or just plain marble.

Only seven years after his graduation from college, Oswald became famous. He won one hundred dollars for filling in the last line of a limerick.

—J. J. Silver.



"Hey lady, give me a light!"

# Life at Home



CHICAGO—When Moe, elephant of the Sells-Floto circus, contracted pneumonia, Prohibition Administrator Yellowley was prevailed on to sign a permit for three gallons of alcohol for medicinal administration. The patient recovered.

*Tip—get an elephant for a pet.*

NEW YORK—Dr. A. S. Barrett, recently returned African explorer, claims that savages behave more like ladies and gentlemen at dances than modern American college students. "They wear more clothes, and are more modest, and when they get drunk they do it politely."

SACRAMENTO—The \$1,000,000 plant of the Buffalo Brewing Company, manufacturers of near beer, was closed because the company could not compete with bootleggers and home brewers.

NEW YORK—Mrs. H. J. Fiene has come all the way from Seattle, where, apparently, they still wear them, to lay in a stock of underskirts for a clothing firm.

Authorities on women's clothing said they could not remember when the last petticoat buyer registered.

HANNIBAL, Mo.—A bill has been introduced here to compel farmers' wives to serve hot biscuits twice a day under penalty of being forbidden to attend moving picture shows and other public entertainments.

CHICAGO—According to the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the land that you own extends down to the center of the earth and up to the sky. Legal authorities state, however, that landowners cannot stop aviators from flying over their land.

NEWARK, N. J.—Now it's airplane "parking." Lieut. Richard Aldworth, manager of the Newark Municipal Airport, has announced a parking charge of \$5 a day for airplanes parked outside the hangars for more than twenty-four hours.

HORNELL, N. Y.—Albert Hunt is now a firm believer in Providence. He had laid a fire with paper and kindling in his kitchen stove, when a bolt of lightning traveled down the chimney and ignited the fuel he had prepared.

NEW YORK—Sylvester Walker bought a new artificial leg for his girl as a token of his affection. When she later turned him down, he attempted to take back his present by force, so she had him arrested.

TRENTON, N. J.—While Assemblyman Kalamen was discussing a bill, two of his colleagues went up to a balcony and poured a pitcher of ice water on him. The prank provoked much laughter in the Assembly.

NEW YORK—The Salvation Army held an old fashioned "gospel-temperance" meeting, at which several hundred hoboes were present. Lieut. Col. Winchell announced that each one who signed the temperance pledge would get a free meal. Everybody signed.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—Aviators who have handbills to deliver in Harrisburg must put them under the doors of the houses. How they are to accomplish this doesn't matter, according to Chief of Police Joseph Thompson. He dug up an old ordinance which requires the placing of circulars under doors to prevent them blowing on the streets. It will be enforced against the aviators, he says.

SAN FRANCISCO—Miss Blanche Pringle was arrested here for shop-lifting and when arraigned before Judge Steiger gave this excuse: "I was formerly a department store detective in Chicago and came here without a job; so just to prove to the management that they needed a good house detective I determined to steal something and then present the proofs to them." *She got the job!*

CLINTON, Pa.—E. E. Wooleyach swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. A. M. Campbell, who, he alleges, spent the \$500 he sent her in answer to a matrimonial ad. and then wouldn't marry him.

MONROE, Conn.—Rev. Henry Steele Habersham claims the distinction of being the only minister in the United States who is the chief of a fire department. "Chief" Habersham drives the fire apparatus to all fires in his territory and recently jumped from his pulpit during a sermon to answer a call. Rev. Mr. Habersham is seventy years old, but has the vigor of a man half his age.

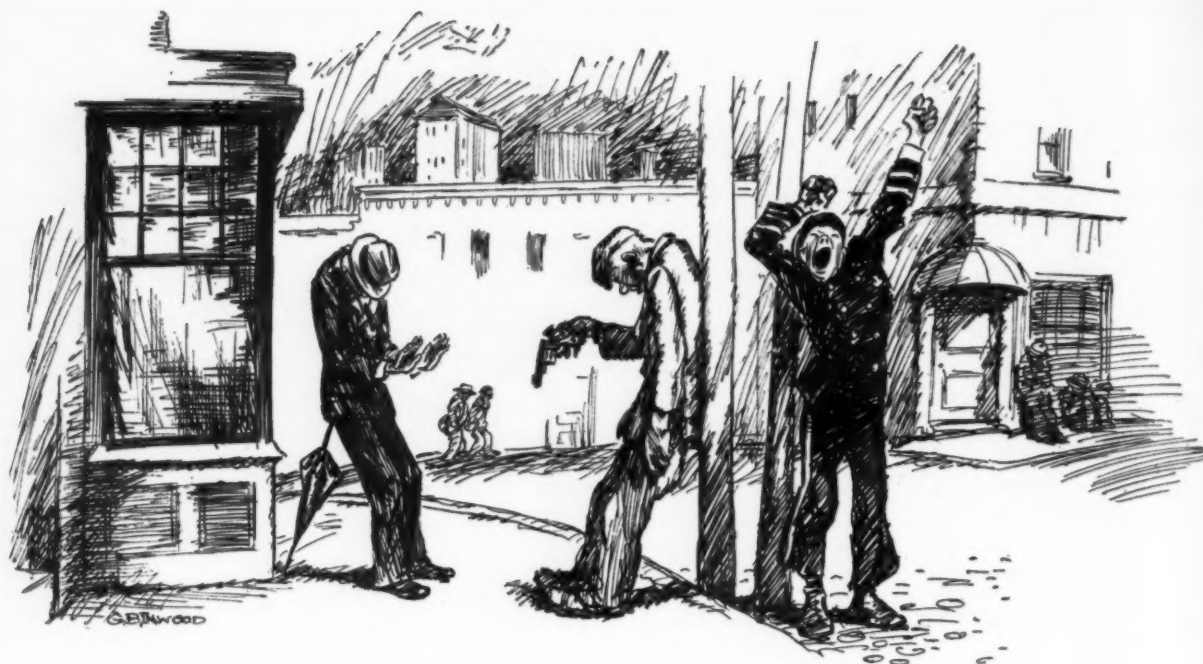
BOSTON—While in masquerade costume her husband leaned over the bed on which she was sleeping and frightened her by shouting "boo!" Mrs. Edmond Bigelow testified in Probate Court here. She was granted a divorce on the grounds of cruel and abusive treatment.

CHICAGO—The high estimate which modern woman makes of her importance in the scheme of things sent Harvard down to defeat tonight before the University of Chicago in a joint debate on the question, "Resolved that emancipated woman is a curse."

The decision, rendered by the ballots of an audience composed largely of University women, was 333 to 144 against the affirmative side of the question supported by a Harvard team.



Our Future Aristocracy.  
*"Yes, these are the ancestral portraits."*



COP (with spring fever): "Ho hum. Now what was it we were doin'?"

### Life's Little Ironies

"Say, old man, anybody ever tell you you're getting bald? Kind of a tough

break because you're only about thirty-eight, ain't you? Thirty-two, huh. Well hot or cold, the old hair ain't what it used to be in back. Why don't

you do something about it? Goose grease and turpentine might help you. I'm not kidding. Just rub some all over your head every hour or so and in six months or so you'll notice a lot of difference. Tell you what else ain't bad. Powdered alum, sulphur and lard. Just massage your head for a few hours every day. Then, smear on a lot of that junk and it can't miss. The wife's uncle knows a guy who had a brother-in-law who was almost bald ten years ago. They say he's got so much hair now, he's tripping over it—all from using alum, sulphur and lard. He took some kind of hair treatments beside. You know, one of them X-ray lamps or something. Why don't you do that? It don't take much time—only a couple of hours a day. Thank Pete, I ain't never going to be bald. Have to get a hair cut almost every week. I inherited it from my old man. He's seventy-nine years old and got a mop of hair on him like a sheep dog. Well, have to be running along. Glad I ran into you, Ed. Take care of that bald spot or the flies'll be using your dome for a toboggan. Brown sugar, iodine, vinegar and cod liver oil, mixed up together, would do your hair a lot of good."

—Robert Lord.



FIRST TENNIS PLAYER: It's unfortunate that our sons should come to blows, but at least they're observing the traditions.

# Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

APRIL 26—Splashing happily in my bath and singing "I Heard a Sound of Voices Around the Great White Throne," when Katie interrupted me with the news that a Miss Todd wished to speak to me on the telephone, and albeit I am acquainted with nobody of that name, the curiosity of human nature is such that I did go to some inconvenience to answer her, and when she said that she was speaking from the offices of Underwood and Underwood, who wish to take a photograph of me, I did loosen the vials of my wrath upon her poor and unsuspecting head, she being the fourth stranger this week who had established telephonic communication with me for false and commercial purposes. Lord! how they can attempt to put Texas Guinan away as a nuisance, when these soft-spoken women whom you are afraid to disregard for fear they may be old college classmates are allowed to disturb you at will, is quite beyond my philosophy. The first post extremely heavy,



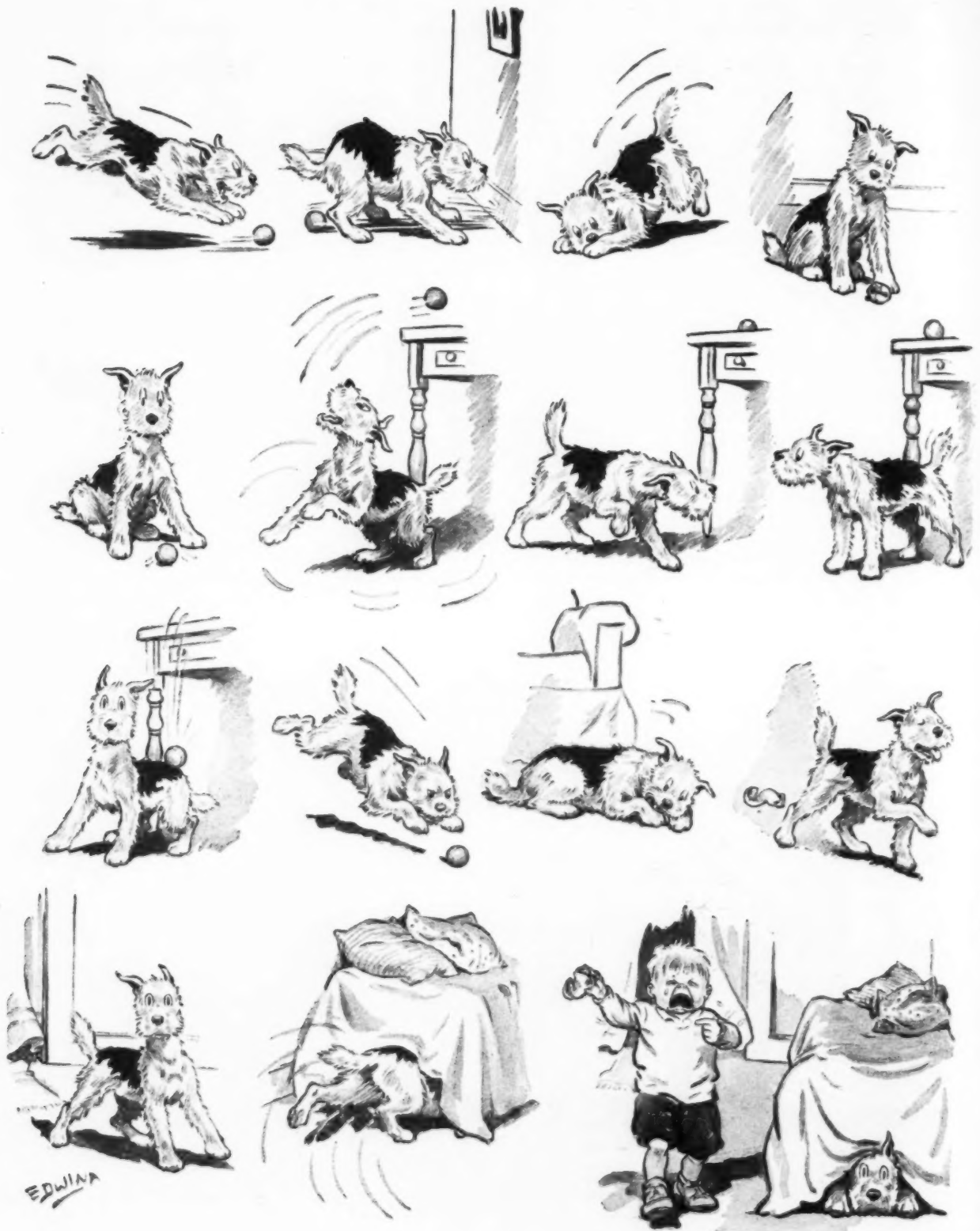
BOSS BARBER: Sure, I gotta have a manicure man on the job all the time now.

largely from tradespeople who have conceived the idea of making their bulletins look like wedding invitations, but its dullness was leavened by a sampler box of pencils from Mr. Favor of the Kohinoor Pencil Co., and I

(Continued on Page 42)



"Say down there, what have you in mind here?"



*Play Ball.*



LONDON—Sir Chas. Higham has just returned from a trip to the States. "The liquor is as good in New York as in London," compliments Sir Charles, "and seems more plentiful."

PARIS—Bars for women exclusively have made their appearance here. At "The Steam Room," a smart place for the élite, the "I'm Alone" cocktail is being featured.

LONDON (A. P.)—Wives in the East End of London are demanding as a condition of their political votes that they be entitled by law to weekly wages from their husbands. At present they are unprotected in this respect.

The men argue that unsatisfactory housekeepers can be dismissed, but that a bad wife is a fixture.

PARIS—The police are looking for a swindler known as Dencheaux, the Scholar. He made a living by impersonating dull students and taking examinations for them in any profession. He charged \$100 or more per case.

TORONTO—J. N. Hennessey, of the Carling Brewing Company, testified that his firm exported 50,000 bottles of lager beer daily to the United States, and sold only 1200 bottles daily to Canada.

HAVANA—The first community chest drive in Havana attained the \$72,000 sought in five days. The money will be used chiefly to relieve the wants of stranded Americans.

LOUGHTON, England—Councillor S. H. Salter is not going to be gallant hereafter, even if it costs him political office. At a recent local council election, he obligingly held babies at the polling place so that mothers could go in and vote. Now he is in bed with measles.

MOSCOW—Owners of homes here with incomes above \$1500 a year, will be evicted. Working people will be given their houses.

PARIS—M. Worth, of the famous Parisian dressmaking firm, asserts that the average Englishwoman dresses less well than the Frenchwoman, because her husband doesn't want her to look smart and so perhaps be stared at in restaurants and other public places.



"We're gonna move, Mag. You can't raise nothin' here."



The Girl Who Made  
"\$50,000 a year alimony,"

life



Who Made Good.  
"or alimony, old dears!"

# New York Life



## Sunday in New York

**S**UNDAY is the day of restlessness when three quarters of New York takes to the open road . . . the other quarter sleeps . . . this leaves the city to the million odd visitors sequestered here and gives them a little breathing space but the trouble is they don't know what to do with themselves . . . there are movies, ball games and museums to go to, even churches, but these things they have in their own home towns and when they come to Manhattan they must be "different" . . . however, for the hardy out-of-towner who likes to go places and do things, there are quite a few side shows.

## The Deserted Village

Take a taxi, or subway down to Wall Street . . . this section is prac-

tically deserted on Sundays and it is a strange sensation to wander through its empty canyons . . . walk down to the Battery and along the water front . . . if a short ocean voyage appeals to you

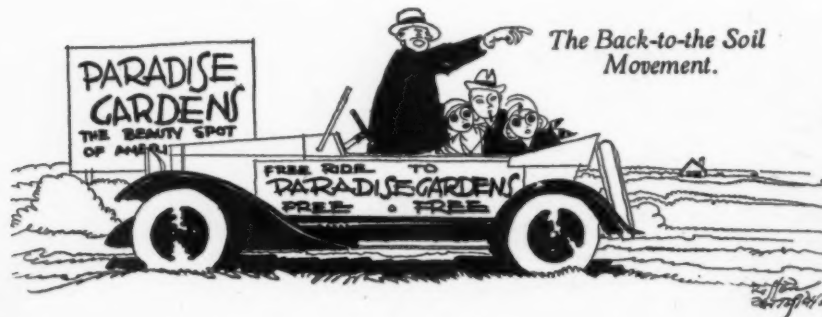


"I like Harrison Fisher better".

take the ferry to Staten Island . . . it will give you a good chance to see the statue of Mabel Walker Willebrandt standing in the harbor.

## Lots for Nothing

If you like bus riding, a very economical way of getting fresh air is to look up the Realtor ads in the Sunday papers and take a trip out to Long Island in a free Real Estate bus . . . however be careful not to let your conscience twit you into buying a lot.



The Back-to-the Soil Movement.

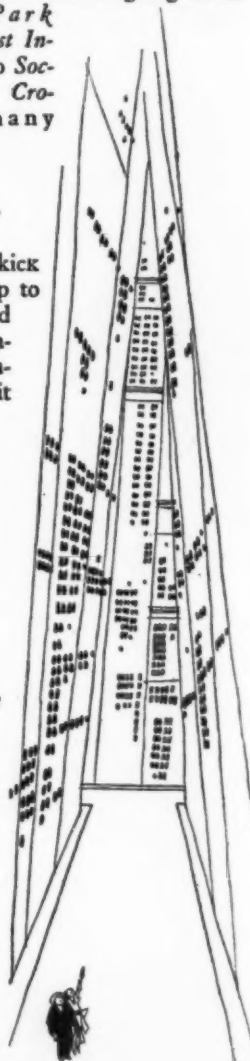
## Cricket

Did you ever see a game of cricket? . . . you will find several going on in Central Park played by East Indians . . . also Soccer, Baseball, Croquet and many other sports

## Local Color

For a real kick take a run up to Harlem and view the Sunday dress parade . . . it makes Easter Sunday on Fifth Ave. look like a Nunnery.

There's a broken purse for every window on Wall Street.

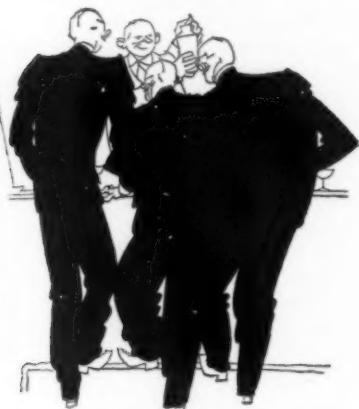


## Around the Town

If you like skylines take the sightseeing boat that goes around Manhattan Island . . . or if you want to look down on New York take a Manhattan Airways sightseeing aeroplane . . . busses leave the Waldorf and take you direct to the flying field.

# Manna-About-Town

Seen in *Fifth Ave. Huylers* . . . party in evening clothes, top hats, etc., imbibing chocolate sodas . . . what is the younger generation coming to? . . . society gals going in for book shops . . . new one on *Madison Ave.* devoted to *Young Books* run by *Josephine Dodge Kimball* and *Joan Whitney Payson* . . . *Park Ave.* superseding *Fifth* as promenade . . . *Woodman-stein Inn* very nice this year . . . amateur fights at the *Garden* getting to be

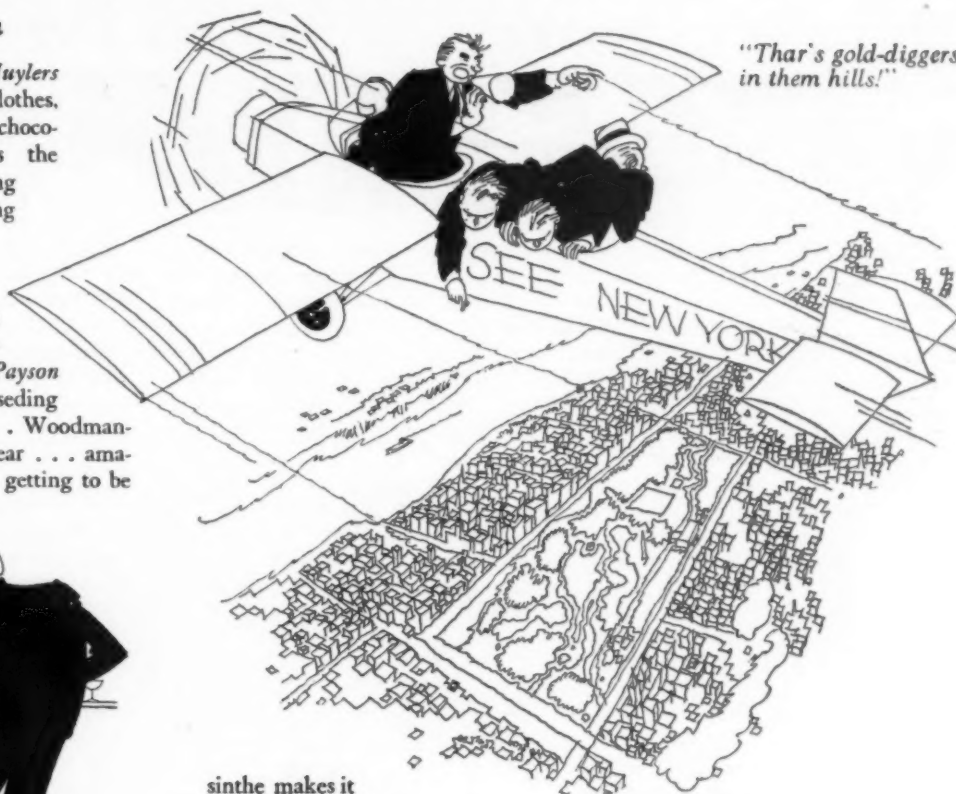


A quiet Sunday in New York.

more popular than the pros—try and get a ticket . . . new combination—coffee and brandy *Collins*—pour a demitasse of coffee and a hooker of brandy into a *Collins* glass—fill with Club Soda and ice . . . a dash of ab-



Sunday strutters.



"Thar's gold-diggers in them hills!"

sinthe makes it even better!

. . . latest flask—take a book 6 x 9 and at least two inches thick—paste all but the top few pages together then in the center cut out the shape of a pint bottle so that it will just fit in . . . the book of the month!

## Around the Town 100 Years Ago

Latest joke from *Washington* . . . gent called on *General Jackson* and sat some time . . . rising to go remarked that he didn't want to encroach on the *President's* time . . . "Sit down, Sir, and stay! You're the first man to come here that hasn't asked for an office," said the *President* . . . an anxious father has appealed to the *Lord Mayor* on behalf of his three daughters who, to be in style, have strapped themselves in tight iron stays . . . the *Lord Mayor* said that he could do nothing as wearing them is no breach of peace . . . new song hit "*Farewell to my Harp*" and "*Riley's Thirty Popular Airs for the Flute*" . . . gentlemen in female dress are barred from the *Grand Mask Ball* at the *Park theatre*.

*Knickerbocker Jr.*

## Theatre, by O. O. McIntyre



**C**ARNIVAL" is the drama of a clean young local in a one-ring town who goes ang-gang-gwah over a hip flipper in a cooch show. The boy rôle is played by Norman Foster, who, when not mooning with sappy sentimentality, seems full of red ants or canal water.

The gal who tosses the mean torso is Anne Forrest, and this critical upstart wished Equity would look the other way and give Jeanne Eagels a chance to tear—perhaps shake is the word—the part to tatters. It is right up her alley, husky voice and all.

The whistle-stop gawk was the first decent thing that ever came into her—the name is Fatima!-life. She dreamed of the peace and security of a Main street chalet in contrast to the vagabond flair and the tented filthiness of her ballyhooed "midnight performance, boys!"

But she had to consider the kid's folk, square shooting villagers who were always sprinkling the lawn or ironing in the sitting room. There was also to consider an adopted sister, whose virginal love for him was red hot.

The play was spotty with flecks of drama. Walter Fenner as the glib carnival spieler and Frank G. Bond as the understanding father had several scintillating and well delivered lines. And Mr. Foster's adolescent anguish and Miss Forrest's portrait of the harassed harridan had brief moments.

The problem was solved by the forlorn duckling pluming her wings as the sudden substitute in a balloon flight. She soared aloft on the flying

trapeze but refused with sacrificial calm to yank the gadget that opened the parachute and somehow you debouched into Mr. Whalen's amusing traffic feeling that it was just as well.

It would have been terrible to go on living with a boob like that tagging your heels.

My knowledge of movie stars is a cubit or so less than nothing whatever so Miss Vivian Martin was a jolly surprise no end and what ho in a weak little effort with a companionate marriage theme called "Marry the Man!"



Miss Martin is startlingly remindful of Billie Burke fifteen years, well twelve anyway, ago. While her effort to be coy and pat-a-cake was a little strained she had that indefinable something that makes us old front row rams as well as the younger mustache peepers perk up and adjust our ties.

It was all about the girl who ached to be independent and thumb her pretty nose at old fashioned marriage. She was a Lucy Stoner and several other new fangled so forths.

Her sermonless experiment was tried out with a personable young fellow programmed in 14 pt. type as Mr. Lester Vail. A slick actor, this Mr. Vail, by the way. He was strong for the old carpet slipper and who-in-tarnation-has-my-evening paper? sort of domesticity. So he incites her jealousy by trickery and they go buckitty, buckitty to the altar.

There is that cruelty of choking a sick canary in panning a play such as

"Rockbound", but if producers insist on dragging us away from the Paul Whiteman hour on the radio to see such puerile piffle they should expect both barrels. So here goes—blooey! blooey!

This is a whining, nasal twang from the bleakish Maine coast shot with "I ain't," "he knowed," "she seed" and "What air you a doin'?"—a drama in short of futility among the fisher folk.

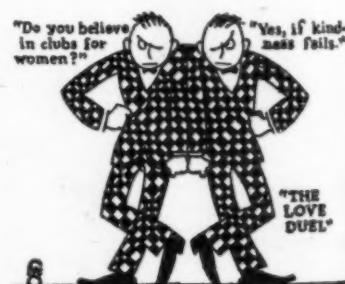
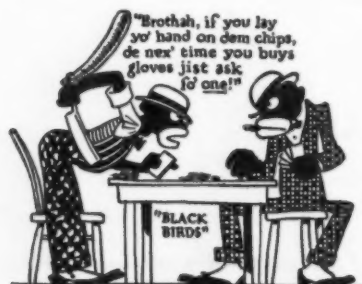
The author—and I'll keep his name secret on account of his people—must have acquired his piscatorial knowledge from eating a canned sardine or something. One of his efforts in realism consisted in introducing a real cat-fish at which I yoo-hooed and waved my program, mistaking it a second for Barney Gallant.

Ellen Higgins is the tearless, tragic drudge whose sister's "daughter" comes to live with them and falls in love with the son Dave Higgins. And what do you think has been going on? Give up?

Well, the city girl with the fine lady airs is really Ellen Higgins' natural daughter and just as her and him—they've got me talking that way—sneak down stairs to elope she confronts them and spills the beans. Awful!

Harlem's Anthracite Alley spilt some more theatrical ink down near the Macy-Gimble line in a revue called "Messin' Around." It is a sepia print of the black belt with none of the forthright sprightliness of Blackbirds, nor has it a single potential successor to Florence Mills. Two brown-

(Continued on Page 34)



# Movies • by Harry Evans



## "Nothing But The Truth"

**R**ICHARD Dix's first talking picture is the sort of film that will furnish pleasant diversion for the entire family, including the maiden aunt from Dubuque who is president of the local chapter of the Purity League. Mr. Dix is not an exceptionally gifted elocutionist, but his voice is of masculine depth and contains no trace of a lisp . . . so Richard's lady admirers may continue to cherish the illusion which he has created with his handsome profile and manly physique.

Mr. Dix should also be commended for his intelligence in selecting "Nothing But The Truth" as a medium for introducing his screen voice. He plays the part of a young broker who makes a wager that he can tell the whole truth and nothing else but for twenty-four hours, and the obvious situations and lines are well suited to the none too subtle Dix comedy technique.

Although Mr. Dix does very well as an articulate performer, his performance is overshadowed by the work of Helen Kane, the popular musical comedy star who has made the baby talk style of singing nationally popular. Having heard Miss Kane *boop-op-a-doop* and *pup-up-a-dup* on the legitimate stage, we were anxious to see if she could put it over in the tricky talkies. Not only does Helen get away with her singing bits, but she registers a screen personality that will have the movie producers throwing contracts in her face from now on. As a dumb, gold-digging night club singer, Helen furnishes the most enjoyable moments in the picture. Her recitation which starts off with "I was just an innocent girl . . ." gets a big laugh. You will remember it if you saw the stage version of "Nothing But The Truth."

While a minor character is running away with the show, Dorothy Hall, who is supposed to be the leading lady, is being shown marked lack of consideration by having the back of her head photographed in most of her scenes with Mr. Dix. Director Victor Schertzinger could possibly explain this

hurt you, and it will probably amuse you.

## "His Captive Woman"

Whenever a man and woman get shipwrecked on a desert isle in a movie, one of them invariably turns out to be a strong character and regenerates the other.

"His Captive Woman" is like that. Milton Sills is an honest New York policeman (and don't laugh) who is commissioned to go to the South Seas and bring Dorothy Mackaill back to face a murder charge. When they are shipwrecked on an island Dorothy immediately begins tempting her captor, and Milton begins resisting, and the tempting and resisting goes on for reel after reel until you sincerely hope that one of them will quit, and you don't care which one. In a particularly interesting scene Miss Mackaill suddenly decides to go in swimming and as she starts to shed her scanty shipwreck costume, the cop clenches his fist, sets his jaw, turns and walks away. Not until that moment did we realize what a moral inspiration Mr. Grover Whalen has been to the New York police force. However, we might add that before Milton and Dorothy are rescued they join hands on the coral strand and go through one of these here now personally conducted marriage ceremonies.

The climax of the picture is based on an improbable situation which shows how childishy impractical the movies will be in order to provide a pleasant ending. When Milton brings Dorothy back to trial, the evidence presented proves conclusively that she murdered her lover, but when Milton takes the stand and tells how the girl was regenerated through contact with him and nature on an island, the judge sentences her to return to the island and live happily ever after with her regenerator. Imagine the squawk that would arise if a jurist should pull such

(Continued on Page 30)



"Who took the engi-i-ine from my neck?"  
"No-o-o-o-bo-o-ody!"

condition, but the reason is not visible to the naked eye.

An English actress named Mary Ryan makes a pleasing impression in her brief appearances, and Ned Sparks adds humor to the piece with his amusingly monotonous voice.

"Nothing But The Truth" can't

# Confidential Guide



## Drama

★**BROTHERS.** *Forty-eighth Street.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Handsome Bert Lytell of the cinema in a double role of interesting melodrama.

**CARNIVAL.** *Forrest*—Behind the scenes of a couch show with Norman Foster in the role of a snappy lover.

**CONGRATULATIONS.** *National*—To be reviewed later.

★**COURAGE.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—The opening scene of the kiddies at the photographer's is worth the tariff.

★**HARLEM.** *Times Square.* \$3.00—A carbon copy of a cross section of life on Lenox Avenue. Good.

★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller.* \$3.00—It is a play and what we mean is a play. All-English and played in a trench.

★**MIMA.** *Belasco.* \$5.50—Lenore Ulric goes mechanistic with Mr. Belasco.

**MAN'S ESTATE.** *Biltmore*—Margalo Gillmore in a marriage dilemma.

**MYSTERY SQUARE.** *Longacre*—Summerish, the weather these days.

**ROCKBOUND.** *Cort*—If it is still playing our new critic better keep away from this office.

**STRANGE INTERLUDE.** *John Golden*—You go at five, an hour out for dinner, and you hear people theorize outloud.

★**STREET SCENE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—The difficulty is getting in. A moving panorama of life in the tenements.

★**SKIDDING.** *Bayer.* \$3.00—Good enough to keep going despite premier hoots.

★**THE LOVE DUEL.** *Barrymore.* \$3.85—Miss Barrymore Julietting to Louis Calhern's Don Juaning in a little goulash from the Hungarian.

**THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.** *Martin Beck*—A Guilder and concerns another Cinderella.

★**THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.** *Empire.* \$4.40—Those charmed by Edith Wharton's novel with the same name, have a chair.

**THE COME-ON MAN.** *Forty-ninth Street*—One of those thin plots that keep you awake just the same.

**THE PERFECT ALIBI.** *Charles Hopkins*—A Milne murder and a neat solution.

## Comedy

★**BEFORE YOU'RE TWENTY-FIVE.** *Maxine Elliott.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—A new one by the author of "The Barker."

★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Morisco.* \$3.85—All-British and had a big run in London. Deals with class consciousness on the countryside.

★**HOLIDAY.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—A society background and sparkling when Hope Williams has the stage.

★**JONESY.** *Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Adolescent bean spilling with some excellent Main Street atmosphere.

★**KIBITZER.** *Royale.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Edward Robinson turns to pinochle.

★**LITTLE ACCIDENT.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—A mix up over a baby with several hearty laughs.

★**LET US BE GAY.** *Little.* \$4.40—John Golden who produced it cannot get seats for his friends. Francine Larrimore is magnificent. So is Charlotte Granville.

★**MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH.** *Klaw.* \$3.00—A revival which serves to show Mrs. Fiske deserves her laurels.

★**MEET THE PRINCE.** *Lyceum.* \$3.85—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in one of Milne's good ones.

★**MY GIRL FRIDAY.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—A little broad but popular.

**CAPRICE.** *Guild*—Also Guildish and Lunt-Fountaneish.

## Eye and Ear

★**BLACKBIRDS.** *Eltzinger.* \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—All-colored steppers, singers and, of course, Bill Robinson, the best tap-hooper in the world.

★**FIORETTA.** *Earl Carroll.* \$6.60—The easiest production on the eye in town.

★**FOLLOW THRU.** *Forty-sixth Street.* \$5.50—Sat. \$6.60—That scene in the locker room stretched Mike Hogg out in the aisle. A big hit.

★**HOLD EVERYTHING.** *Broadhurst.* \$5.50—A clever singing and dancing show with boxing as the theme and laughs by Bert Lahr.

★**HELLO DADDY.** *Cohan.* \$4.40—Lew Fields and one or two whistling tunes.

★**LADY FINGERS.** *Liberty.* \$5.50—It is almost worth seeing twice just to hear Marjorie White lisp. The musical version of a crook drama.

★**MUSIC IN MAY.** *Casino.* \$5.50—A splendid evening for those who like melody. Solly Ward is the quipster.

**MESSIN' AROUND**—Mentioned in this issue.

★**NEW MOON.** *Imperial.* \$5.50—Sat. \$6.60—Old New Orleans so beautifully set to music you do not even miss the Absinthe.

★**PLEASURE BOUND.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—Phil Baker as suave and handsome as ever and Jack Pearl stuttering out a few gags.

★**SPRING IS HERE.** *Alvin.* \$5.50—The nice Mr. Hunter in a tuneful thing that is worth while.

**THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES**—To be reviewed later.

★**THE LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$4.40—Sat. \$5.50—To be reviewed.

★**THE RED ROBE.** *Shubert.* \$5.50—Walter Woolf singing pleasantly in operetta.

★**WHOOPEE.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Anyone who cannot laugh at Eddie Cantor has the vapours or something.

(Continued on Page 32)

# Life's Ticket Service

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX OFFICE PRICES

If you are planning a visit to New York, or if you live in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office. Help LIFE to drive the Ticket scalper out of business!

## HOW TO USE LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE's Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box office on the evening of the performance.

• • •

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS

598 Madison Ave., New York City

## Purchase Order

Dear Life: I want seats for the following:

Name of Show

No. Seats

Date

Alternates

Name

Address

Check for \$..... enclosed.

SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

• • •

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

• • •

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

• • •

This service is not offered in connection with matinee seats, which are ordinarily available at box offices.



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



CHRYSLER "75" ROYAL SEDAN, \$1535 (wire wheels extra)

Many a Roman aqueduct still stands, after 2000 years, the epitome of strength and beauty. That same charm of line and that same trustworthiness of construction are reflected in the "arched-window" silhouette of the Chrysler today.

## *A Wealth of Strength* Beneath Its Classic Beauty

WHEN the first Chrysler overthrew traditions of motor car beauty and behavior, there was a twofold purpose for devising those new practices in design and construction which it introduced.

Chrysler engineers determined to replace awkward bulk with lithe grace, stodginess with alert and zestful performance. Guided by the canons of classic art, they translated authentic principles of beauty into automotive terms.

The purpose of Chrysler's new design was also to enhance the utility of the Chrysler car.

The sturdy arches of the Roman aqueducts which have stood for 2000 years have been recognized as among the finest achievements of man's handiwork.

Not appearance alone directed Chrysler engineers to the arch of the aqueduct. The true arch is the

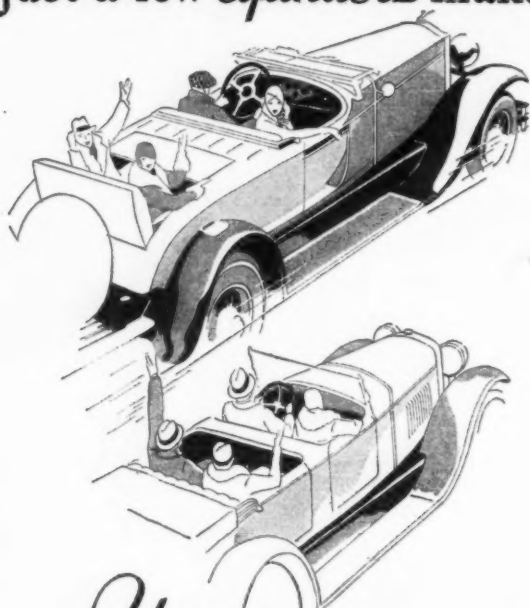
acme of strength and rigidity, and so it was the Roman arch that served as the model for the construction of Chrysler windows and doors.

Thus, solidity and trustworthiness were concentrated at this point, masked by classic curve and flowing lines.

It was not haphazard experiment and accidental achievement that developed Chrysler cars into symbols of grace in motion. They give greater value in performance as well as appearance because Chrysler engineers have never relinquished that twofold purpose of combining beauty with utility, swiftness with sturdiness, and luxury with dependability, in the proved integrity of Chrysler cars.

New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from \$1535 to \$2345. New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from \$1040 to \$1145. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. factory.

what a whale of a difference  
just a few *cylinders* make ...

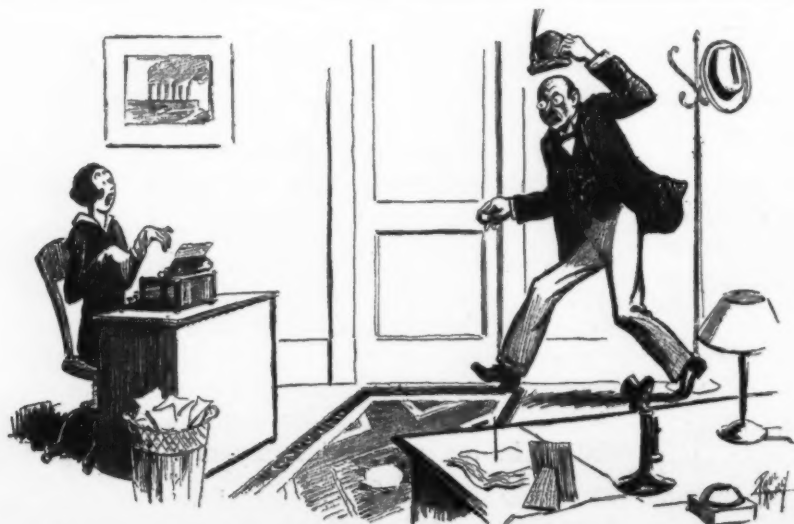


Yes...  
and what a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make

A definite extra price  
for a definite extra  
tobacco-goodness

**fatima**  
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



**DISTRACTED HUSBAND:** If anything important comes up you'll find me at the hospital—you see, my wife is—well, the fact is, I'm about to become a mother!

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 30)

### Movies

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.** (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.  
**HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN.** (TALKIE) *First National*—Reviewed in this issue.  
**SHOW BOAT.** (TALKIE) *Universal*—Don't believe the ads. It's terrible.  
**THE RAINBOW MAN.** (TALKIE) *Sono-Art*—Very sobby but entertaining. Frankie Darro gives a remarkable performance.  
**COQUETTE.** (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Mary Pickford cuts off her curls, puts her rompers in storage and becomes an adult talkie star. You'll probably like her.  
**THE WILD PARTY.** (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Clara Bow talks quite plainly and continues to sell what the public generally seems to consider sex-appeal.  
**THE SPITE MARRIAGE.** (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Buster Keaton furnishes some hearty chuckles with the assistance of Dorothy Sebastian and a set of false whiskers.  
**HEARTS IN DIXIE.** (TALKIE) *Fox*—An excellent study of the Southern rural negro. Good singing and a swell comedy performance by Stepin Fetchit.  
**BROADWAY MELODY.** (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—The best of the song-and-dance talkies. A triumph for Bessie Love.  
**THE IRON MASK.** (SOUND) *United Artists*—The sequel to "The Three Musketeers", but not quite as good. Two short talking sequences by Doug Fairbanks for their advertising value.  
**THE FLYING FLEET.** (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramon Novarro shows how Annapolis graduates become flyers. Exceptional aeroplane photography.  
**A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS.** (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a slightly purified version of "The Green Hat." Greta is great.  
**WEARY RIVER.** (TALKIE) *First National*—Another crook reforms through the power of music. Richard Barthelmess sings the theme song (or goes through the motions).  
**THE BARKER.** (TALKIE) *First National*—A really good talking picture. Milton Sills supported by lots of sex-appeal. Recommended for adults.

### Supper Clubs

\*Dressy. C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.

**AMBASSADOR GRILL,** Park Avenue at 51st. Nice quiet place to dance. \*C.\$1.50-2.00.  
**BARNEY'S,** 85 West 3rd. A swell place. A swell orchestra. C.\$2.00-3.00. H.Arnold.  
**CASANOVA,** 151 West 54th. Great hang-out. C.\$3.00.  
**CLUB RICHMAN,** 157 West 56th. Olsen is back. C.\$5.00.  
**CLUB PLAZA,** Plaza Hotel. Nice place. Popular at Tea Dances.  
**HEIGH-HO,** 35 East 53rd. Nice place. Good orchestra. \*C.\$2.00-3.00. H.George.  
**LIDO,** 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very Park Avenue. \*C.\$5.00. H.Cabiati.  
**MONTMARTE,** 205 West 50. Oldest supper club in town and still popular. C.\$3.00. H.Charlie.  
**MOCADOR,** 51st St. East of E'way. Nice place. No cover charge.  
**RENDEZVOUS,** Winter Garden Theatre. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the funniest birds in town. C.\$3.00-4.00. H.Leon.  
**SEAGLADE,** St. Regis Hotel, Vincent Lopez speaking. \*C.\$1.50-3.00. H.Charles.

(Continued on Page 34)

# A FRANK MESSAGE

## To those men who want to wear RAYON UNDERGARMENTS

### -- and don't dare

Have you worn inferior rayon underwear? Or have you heard that it is impractical---is fragile---falls apart in laundering---suffers easily broken threads---sags out of shape---doesn't hold colors?

Those faults were common to the first rayon undergarment production. And, regrettably, they continue to exist in the merchandise accepted by incautious retailers from incompetent or irresponsible makers.

**B**UT THOSE FAULTS have been eliminated by manufacturers who follow right principles. Today's rayon underwear, correctly knit and finished from the best of raw material obtainable, is revolutionizing men's underwear preferences.

CHAMPKNIT is the triumph of rayon specialists using advanced machinery and processes. It has been the outstanding leader in this new apparel field for nearly two years. It has set highest standards of perfection, bringing inimitable underwear joy to hundreds of thousands of men who are satisfied with nothing less than the best.

Skilled tailoring of smoothly soft and elastic fabric achieves supreme comfort and style. Never-clinging, airily cool, unrivaled luxury—and so much more! CHAMPKNIT laughs at laundry perils, holds its shape and colors, and wears and wears and wears. It is teaching men to demand underwear qualities found only with the CHAMPKNIT label. They are proud of its richly lustrous appearance. They appreciate its economy. They are amazed by its endurance. They can safely smile at the complaints by wearers of less worthy brands.

Or are you afraid of being suspected of effeminacy? Some men are, as amused haberdashers tell us. And women, thousands of fastidious misses and matrons, wear men's CHAMPKNIT gym shirts,

shorts and union suits rather than the models actually designed for them. But so do traffic cops and other hard-boiled he-men.

Joe Ruddy, holder of more than seven hundred trophies in twenty-six fields of athletic endeavor, and including two Olympic championships, wears CHAMPKNIT. So does Tom Thorpe, football authority and referee. So do such famous golfers as Willie MacFarlane, Johnny Connell, Willie Klein and Tom Kerrigan. So do many of the brawniest men you meet in your travels.

Just forget your fears, try CHAMPKNIT and write us all about it. You'll be grateful enough to do that.

**NORWICH KNITTING CO.**  
of Norwich, N. Y.

**SALES OFFICES:**  
366 Broadway, New York City

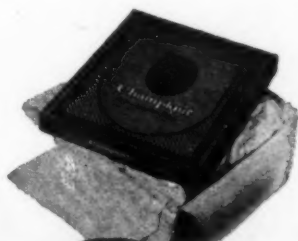


*Proof/*

When—in club locker rooms, Pullman dressing rooms, or elsewhere—you hear a man speak of rayon underwear, ask him to tell you the name on the label.

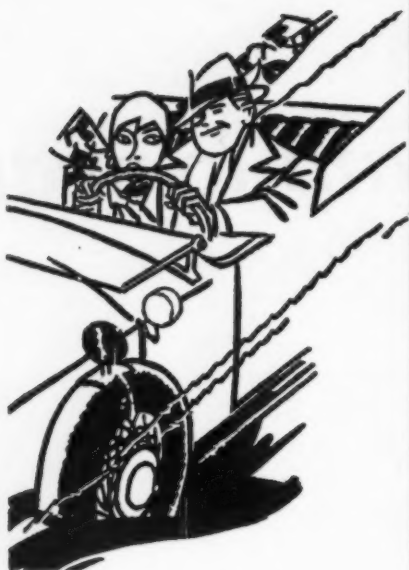
If he condemns rayon, says it's unsatisfactory—refers to runs, to weakness in washing, to harsh feel, to fading colors or to other faults, the name will not be CHAMPKNIT.

If you listen to boasts of rayon advantages, its marvelous comfort and wearing qualities, the name, five out of six times, will be CHAMPKNIT.



# Champknit

for Men, Young Men & Boys  
WORTHY of CHAMPIONS



## JOY-RIDES

EVERY shave is a joy-ride when you lather with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

For Squibb's starts off shaving so thoroughly and so smoothly that the razor just coasts through the beard—easily and pleasantly. And, always, Squibb's leaves you with a fine, fresh face.

You'll like Squibb's Shaving Cream for its clean-cut work—you'll like it for its mellow comfort. Buy a tube tonight. Any drug store will supply you. The price is very reasonable—40c for a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



**A SHAVING  
CREAM  
BY SQUIBB**

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 32)

### Records

TILL WE MEET—(2) MY KINDA LOVE (Columbia)

Two pretty tunes sung by Bing Crosby, with a peach of a violin obligato.

SWEET NOTHING—(2) FASHIONETTE (Victor)

(1) Violin, piano and organ novelty.

(2) Piano duet by Ohmen and Arden.

I'M THIRSTY FOR KISSES—(2) ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE (Victor)

Snappy fox-trots with vocal choruses.

NOVELTY BLUES—(2) TICKLE BRITCHES BLUES (Victor)

The names tell all.

KUU LEI ROSELANI—(2) OPUU LANI (Columbia)

(1) Hawaiian hula with vocal trio.

(2) Hawaiian waltz.

HELEN—(2) NIGHT OF MEMORIES (Columbia)

(1) Sweet melody, well sung and played.

(2) Sentimental waltz.

### Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Your Love Is All That I Crave" ("Messin' Around")

"Messin' Around" ("Messin' Around")

"Song In My Heart" ("Spring is Here")

"Yours Sincerely" ("Spring is Here")

"Button Up Your Overcoat" ("Follow Thru")

"My Lucky Star" ("Follow Thru")

"You're Perfect" ("Lady Fingers")

"I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling" (No show)

"When My Dreams Come True" (No show)

### Theatre

(Continued from Page 28)

skinned, Amazonian ladies, stripped to the umbilicals, socked each other in a four-round boxing match and there was a blonde male stepper also much vo-deo-do and skiddle-de-scow screeching, but not quite enough for any of us to become even slightly vanvechtenized.



"Make him detour us, Butch—we got the right o' way first."

Health and  
pleasure,  
both,  
in  
*Apollinaris*

**A delicious, refreshing,  
AID TO DIGESTION**

The Finest Sparkling Table Water  
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



**Ahoy  
Cocktail!**



Does your bridge party know the Sultan's Secret? Are the dinner guests acquainted with the Gentle Annie? Are sudden guests regaled with the Butler's Cocktail? Is that afternoon golf or dance group famished for want of Scandal Punch? Know your beverages by getting—

**BRIDGE CLUB COCKTAIL  
RECIPES AND SCORE PAD  
—SENT FREE**

Send name and address for a copy telling how to mix famous cocktails and appetizers made by celebrated chefs with Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Its dry, tart, tangy taste puts new life into other ingredients. Write to W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-H Pine St., New York City sole importers



**MARTINI & ROSSI  
NON ALCOLIC  
Vermouth**

# FASHIONED BY MOHAWK

For the smartest  
cars and today's  
traffic conditions

A tire built for the man  
or woman who rebels  
against the commonplace  
in appearance, in per-  
formance, in endurance.  
The new-day beauty of  
the Mohawk Flat Tread  
Special Balloon blends in  
perfect harmony with the  
handicraft of our fore-  
most coach builders.

You will admire the  
swirl of style in its dis-  
tinction of design—an  
outward reflection of the  
extra value built within.

Featured by Quality Tire Dealers Everywhere

# MOHAWKS

*GO Farther!*

VASTLY IMPROVED TRACTION -  
HIGHEST SPEEDS WITH SAFETY

AMAZING NEW RIDING  
AND STEERING EASE

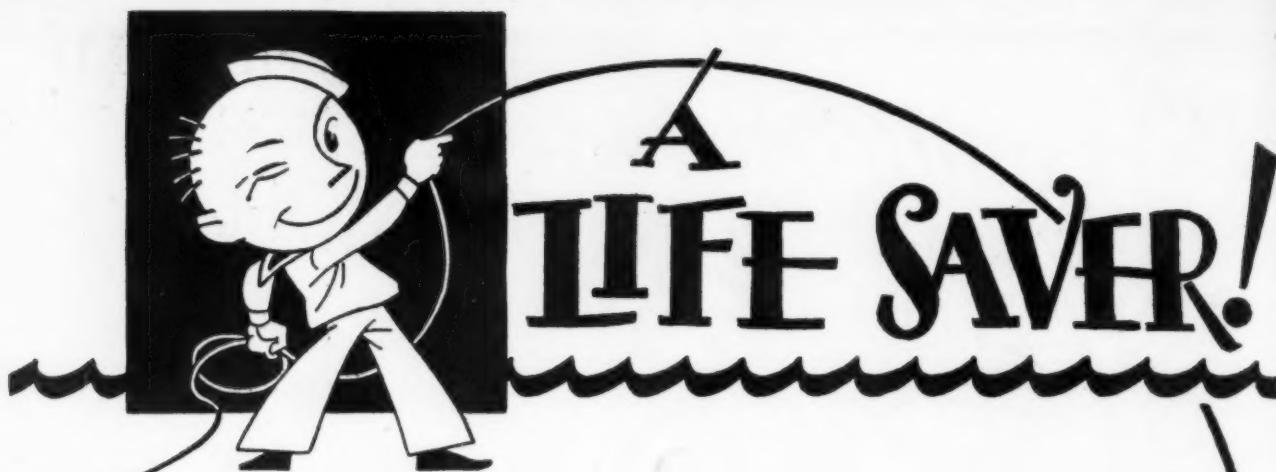
QUICKER GET-AWAY  
-SURER STOPS-



In compact, convenient form, Mohawk-Hobbs Guides give complete, accurate, unbiased touring information on all long distance travel routes. Price 20c each at all Mohawk Dealers.

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY . . . AKRON, OHIO

*For Sixteen Years Makers of Fine Tires*



**The cute little coupon below  
will save you . . .**

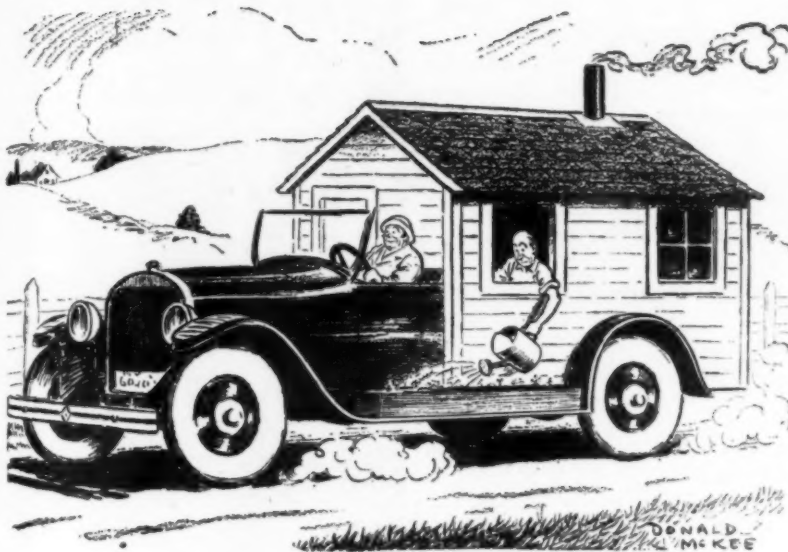
*. . . 10 trips to the newsstand.*

*. . . missing an issue.*

*. . . from the blues.*



*This page designed  
by Philip S. Singer of  
the Stanley E. Gunnison Co.*



*Fair Enough!*

*Jack Sprat wanted a home, his wife preferred to tour. And so they "compromised."*

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**D**ANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of

## Even when teeth are white NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

*\*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender  
Health to Pyorrhea*

5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea), it also

cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

### *Get This Good Habit*

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is a semi-annual visit to your dentist and proper daily care.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York.



# Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

# France



## *The smartest resorts in the world...are not the most expensive!*

If you're the average man, accustomed to American prices...you're apt to leave the smartest resorts on this side of the Atlantic outside your calculations....But French resorts offer a far more brilliant picture...at prices you can easily afford....Le Touquet...international chic at a beach that owes its reputation to the Prince of Wales....Deauville...where *tout Paris* spends hectic week-ends....Dinard...a lovely curving shoreline for the bather, rocks for the artist, the casino for everybody...the smartest *plage* in Brittany....La Baule...ten miles from St. Nazaire, crowded with gay Parisians who adore the beach, the pine woods, the tennis and the dancing....Biarritz...the sponsor of the sun-tan mode and every important fashion in sports clothes...the starting point for the auto-car service over the Route des Pyrenees....Cannes...the southern capital of chic, the centre of smart Riviera life....Monte Carlo...where all the world comes for the ultimate thrill.

*Information and literature on request*

## RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

*General Representatives*

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY

## Movies

(Continued from Page 29)

a Pollyanna in a murder trial.

Most of the picture is told in the narrative form, with the action presented in silent sequences as Mr. Sills describes it to the jury. The numerous fadeouts to the South Seas and flashbacks to the courtroom detract from the reality of the picture, but despite the many handicaps Mr. Sills manages to create a few really moving moments with his splendid screen voice. It is regrettable that he is not given an opportunity to use this asset to better advantage.

Movie patrons blessed with lots of romantic imaginations who like to see immoral ladies with attractive figures being regenerated, and don't like to see them convicted of murder may find "His Captive Woman" fair diversion.

### "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

Having been assured by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer office that the censors are not going to butcher the dialogue of this interesting talkie we will recommend it for adults who do not feel it a civic duty to appear embarrassed every time an actor refers to one of the things that are listed in that category which bears the fearsome title of "the facts of life." Some of the conversation in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is necessarily frank, so take Junior over to the Joneses and let him shoot craps with their Willie while you are at the Bijou.

The picture is not as entertaining as the play because some of the situations have been simplified and the humor exaggerated to fit the producer's idea of the intelligence of the average movie audience.

In the play the audience was the jury, and at the end of the trial the judge turned and made his charge to the audience...after which you went home and argued the verdict out with your wife. In the picture they furnish a jury that takes but little time to bring in a verdict—which may cause the legal-minded gentleman in the next seat to start an argument with you regarding the circumstantial nature of the evidence on which the verdict was made.

Norma Shearer works her features overtime in some of her scenes, but on the whole she is surprisingly good in the exacting leading rôle. Miss Shearer received excellent support from H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone and Raymond Hackett. Among the minor characters, Adrienne D'Ambricourt does an outstanding bit.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" is much better than the average talkie.

## DRAGON SMOKERS

for Smart Homes

Artistic

Colorful

yet with the tip-lid container they keep the ashes out of sight, extinguishing lighted smokes automatically. Always clean and odorless.

For Home, Office, or Clubs

On display at leading department and furniture stores. Write for circular, in colors—with prices.

from the  
**SCROLL ART STUDIOS**  
BRIDGEPORT...CONN.

## CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co. 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

**ELYSÉE**  
60 EAST 54<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

*voilà un* **HOTEL**  
*et*  
*voilà un* **RESTAURANT**

**DIRECTION**  
**MAX A. HAERING**  
[FORMERLY 10 YEARS]  
**ELYSÉE**  
1 EAST 56<sup>TH</sup> STREET

# "I Light a Lucky"

*DeWolf Hopper*

DEWOLF HOPPER  
Veteran Star of the Stage

"Physical fitness is as important to the actor as to athletes. My exercises and diet require constant attention. One lesson I've learned—whenever I crave between-meal tid-bits, I light a Lucky instead. Their toasted flavor is most appetizing, yet I smoke all I please without interfering with a healthful diet."

DEWOLF HOPPER

THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

*Note:* Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928 Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

DeWolf  
Hopper  
Veteran Star  
of the Stage



"Reach  
for a  
Lucky  
instead  
of a  
sweet."

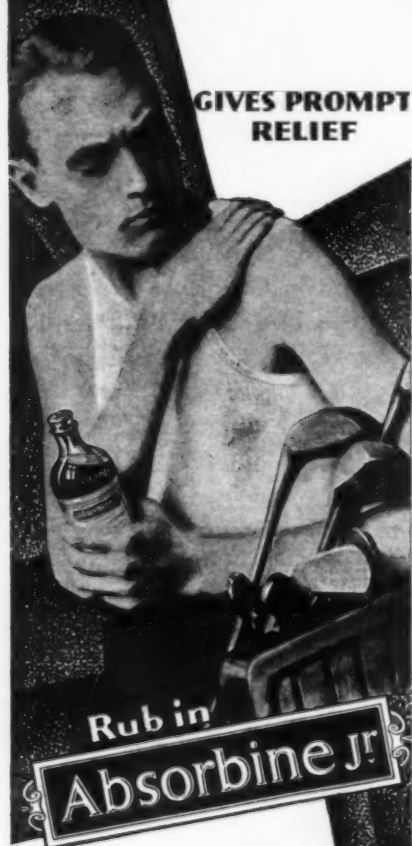
## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

## FOR SORE MUSCLES

GIVES PROMPT RELIEF



THE activities of Spring develop many unexpected and unwelcome aching muscles. Keep Absorbine, Jr. handy—rub it in at the first indication of soreness. Relief will come at once. A few applications of Absorbine, Jr. will invigorate the lazy, winter-bound muscles, and round them into mid-season form. Keep a bottle in the locker for tired feet—or a vigorous rub down when you have been out in the rain—it's great for that. Absorbine, Jr. is not greasy. It does not stain the skin. It has many other uses. Read "Timely Suggestions."



AT ALL DRUGGISTS, \$1.25  
Send for Free Trial Bottle  
W. F. YOUNG, INC.  
Springfield, Mass.



## Life in Washington

The paean of European praise over Gibson's disarmament proposals at Geneva has positively embarrassed the Administration, as it immediately proved that we had talked ourselves into a bad hole. The theory of "equivalent values" in naval strength may make sense, technically speaking, but I shudder to think what the diplomats will do with it. The British will obviously come forward with a beautiful set of "equivalent values" which, when examined, will be found to leave the British Navy exactly as is, or a little under strength, but which will require us to scrap our new cruiser programme. Our Admirals will immediately start baying at the White House and running around in Great Circles, whereupon, in indignant sorrow, our transatlantic cousins will point the finger of Geneva at us and say, "Sic 'em! an aggressor State!"

On the other hand, if we rush forward with our own set of proposals we will be in another fix. If our "values" are biased in our own favor, we will promptly be exposed as shifty and imperialistic. If they are fair to all concerned, they will simply be used as a starting point for further concessions. And in the end, as usual, we will be accused of blocking the road to disarmament.

No wonder that we now suggest that the new theory shall be applied in 1931. A lot can happen in two years. In the meantime, we have given away in advance our only bargaining point—insistence that military reserves be counted as part of land armaments. If they aren't, naturally we can't discuss naval bases and armed merchant ships as part of sea armaments, and the French like us for the first time since the Washington conference.

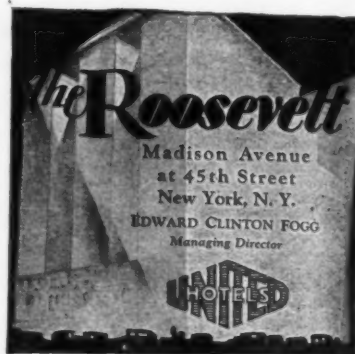
The war between Good and Evil continues. Senator Heflin complains that a beer bottle was hurled at him in Massachusetts and demands an investigation. The House of Representatives burst into officially recorded applause, when told how a Washington cop killed a young bootlegger on the Anacostia Bridge. The fact that the Treasury Department's private navy fired on the steamer "T. A. D. Jones" is explained on the theory that Undersecretary Ogden Mills is a Harvard man.

—J. F.



... At this vivid season when the attractions of New York take on a heightened interest, The ROOSEVELT beckons to those of cultivated taste... A hotel alive to the pleasant usages of city life with a spirit, an appeal, a gracious air, quite distinctly its own.

1100 Rooms—Single or En Suite



## Abbott's BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.  
Baltimore, Md.

## HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION

by RUSSELL PATTERSON



Now you can enjoy a really up-to-date training in this attractive field, full of sparkle and dash—a radical departure and pleasant relief from old fashioned courses and antiquated methods. Prepare for a career in this delightful, well-paid profession. Write for free illustrated book, "The Last Word in Humorous Illustration."

**The Russell Patterson School**  
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 5  
CHICAGO, ILL.

# Why try to GUESS which Tire is Best ?



*This tire was first built  
to stand abuse . . . . .  
then bonded against abuse*

IN the maze of claims and counter-claims, how can you be sure which tire will give you the most trouble-free service.

Certainly you can't tell by appearance. Look at any five tires without knowing the names or prices. You cannot even guess which tire is best.

But here is one way you can cut straight to the heart of the question. Dunlop Tires are first built to stand abuse, then to prove this, they are bonded against abuse.

Every advantage of the world's greatest tire-building experience . . . 40 years of it . . . goes into each Dunlop Tire. Every step of the manufacture is guarded by skilled craftsmen.

Only long-staple Egyptian cotton for maximum strength . . . only cords woven in Dunlop's own mills at Utica, N. Y. . . only the very finest processed rubber . . . go into each Dunlop Tire.

Dunlop users know this extra quality. But Dunlop leaves no doubt.

**Dunlops BONDED, even against abuse** SURETY Companies are the most prudent people in the world. Their job is to safeguard other people—bond banks against embezzlement and forgery—bond business men against loss . . . guarantee everywhere *faithful performance of duty.*

So Dunlop Tires are bonded by a Surety Bond, backed by both Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

This bond guarantees Dunlops against almost every conceivable tire hazard, even abuse.

*Takes the guess out of tire-buying* UNDER the Surety Bond Plan, you know exactly what you are getting—a tire built to make good, then bonded to make good.

A tire guaranteed against almost every tire hazard.

A guarantee so sweeping in its



statements—so simple in its application—that any Dunlop dealer makes good in his own store—instantly.

Naturally, such a guarantee has aroused wide-spread interest. Thousands of people have asked to see the Bond. To answer these inquiries, we have prepared specimen Bonds—one is ready for you now. It is free. Even if you are not buying tires immediately, it will be worth your while to see it. Mail the coupon below—a free specimen Bond will come back by return mail.

## Send for FREE Specimen Bond

THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY  
Department 512-A, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# DUNLOP

BUILT TO STAND ABUSE : BONDED AGAINST ABUSE

## •TANTALIZING TEABERRIES•



The flowers that bloom in the Spring  
For freshness they haven't a thing  
On this snappy gum!  
Why don't you try some—  
★TEABERRY'S the berries, by jing!

★ [\$25 was paid to Eva Babcock, Fuquay  
Springs, N. C., for this winning last line.]



**WIN \$25** You can get from any CLARK'S Chewing Gum Dealer FREE "Tantalizing Teaberry" blanks, each containing a "TANTALIZING TEABERRY" with the last line missing. Fill in that missing line! Mail us the blank. We will pay \$25 for each last line that we

publish. If a winning last line is duplicated, each person submitting the duplicated line will be paid \$25. All entries must be mailed on or before the date indicated on the blank. Get your "Tantalizing Teaberry" blank today! Try CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM for "last-line" inspiration.

Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

**IT'S THE BERRIES!**

•CLARK'S Teaberry Gum... a different flavor•



"What—no parking here, officer?"  
"Well, hardly any."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 21)

could not have been more pleased had I been ten years old. A great company this night for dinner, and I gave them green turtle soup, fillet of sole garnished with chopped almonds, saddle of mutton flanked by asparagus and creamed potatoes, a fine green salad and a dessert of frozen peaches. Afterwards to see "The Perfect Alibi," spotting the villain with such dispatch as to render my enjoyment of the subsequent events almost negligible, albeit there was sufficient gun-flourishing to keep me uncomfortably on the edge of my chair. And it did seem to me a great pity that the exigencies of the story required the taking-off of the most attractive character in the first act, even though Shakespeare himself was obliged to kill off the dashing Mercutio in order to save his plot.

APRIL 27—The first really fine day in weeks, so Samuel and I off early by motor to search for pleasure in the countryside, and when I did start to count my money, Samuel did forbid me to proceed, saying that I unfailingly announced that I had lost some of it, a fatality which he had never seen substantiated by a careful checking-up. Reaching Ruth and Jack White's at Talmadge Hill, they did put me in a comfortable chair overlooking the brook and the old mill and tell me to invite my soul, so I did ponder this and that, in especial why jail matrons are always fat women, and how a great many of my acquaintances are circumspect more through mental incomprehension than through moral restraint. A book of Emily Dickinson's hitherto unpublished verse on a table beside me, and, though it be heresy to say it, I have never been able to derive from her the quality which most of our best literary critics regard as so precious. My state of mind at the moment is perfectly reflected by a sonnet wrote years ago for the Atlantic Monthly by Mistress Adams, who did teach me logic at Smith College, and I do here set it down as well as I remember it:

*I died this year, though still I glimpse  
the sun.  
For, watching one by one lives frail  
and old  
Dwindle and dim and lapse into the  
cold  
With neither joy nor sorrow to have  
done,  
I too have come to think the thoughts  
of one  
Whom no ties bind and no regrets can  
hold,  
Who has felt the ultimate change, and  
so must fold*

(Continued on Page 48)



## Home Movie Close-ups IN COLOR

Pictures you make yourself with Kodacolor... pictures that come closer to reality than any you have ever seen



**T**HE turn of a switch and the room is dark.

The turn of another and it is bright with the presence of someone you love. Just a picture on the screen, to be sure, but a picture that actually mirrors reality.

You catch your breath at the wonder of it. Now—before your eyes—is everything they saw when the camera was aimed... not only every slightest motion, but every shade of every COLOR!

### *Your Family—Your Friends*

Your parents and your children are growing older. Each year shows a change. A Kodacolor close-up keeps them forever 'just as they are today. You may capture

them at their best, in their most characteristic moments, on the days when they look particularly well.

Your friends, too, may be filmed. Then you can see them whenever you wish. Their paths and yours may separate, but their images stay with you.

And what images they are! The color of the hair, the eyes, the cheeks, the clothes—it's all there. You see your loved ones as they really are.

### *With the Utmost Simplicity!*

No special skill is necessary for taking good Kodacolor pictures with

the Ciné-Kodak. You simply use a color filter and a special film. From there on it's as easy as taking snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

Don't let another week pass before calling at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and seeing some Kodacolor movies. Then provide yourself with a home movie outfit, and begin making your own pictures, *living* pictures of those you love.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## KODACOLOR

*Home Movies in  
Full Color*

# Lights . . . laughter and Five Fruit

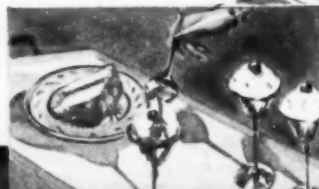
LOVELY women, stalwart men . . . music that quickens the pulse, and a punch that owes allegiance to Five Fruit . . . all the ingredients for a perfect party.

Hay's Five Fruit fittingly garbed will *make* any social affair . . . and good things to eat and drink are so important. Functions delightfully in desserts, blends benignly in cocktails and other beverages, confers bewitching flavor on jellies, salad dressings and sauces.

Is it any wonder that clever women adore the smart red-wrapped bottle which graces the counters of good food and drug stores? Write for "35 ways of Serving Hay's Five Fruit" . . .

Hay's Fruit Juice Co., 69 York St., Portland, Me.

Five Fruit Gelatine  
... a thrill in every  
serving



Delicious as a dressing  
on ice cream



Hay's Five Fruit in  
iced tea . . . quenches  
thirst gloriously



Panama Punch!  
Tang of tropical fruit  
in an icy bowl . . . fare-  
well thirst. "Refresh-  
ingly different"



## HAY'S Five Fruit



Hay's Fruit Juice Co.,  
69 York St., Portland, Me.

- ☐ Here's a dollar for half pint each of Hay's Five Fruit and Panama Punch. You are to pay transportation.
- ☐ Send me copy of recipe folder "35 Ways of Serving Hay's Five Fruit."

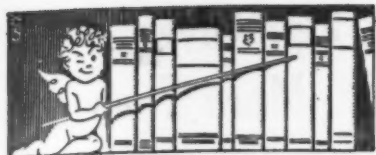
My dealer's name

Name

Address

City

State



## BOOKS—BOOKS BOOKS

MR. GITHENS' OWN STORY

The Price in Heartaches of  
Being a Book Reviewer

*A Fine Human Document By A  
Very Human Being—*

"Not often is there given us this glimpse into a man's soul. Here we peek into the innermost depths of a poor book reviewer, and, oh! The pity of it!"

Norman (Ray) Anthony

by  
Perry  
(Calvin)  
Githens

By the time this reaches you, gentle readers, I shall be far, far away from both of you. This marks the last appearance in these pages of your indefatigable reporter and confidential guide to what's what in the A-B-C business.

Being merely a reader, I had no real right to be a reviewer. It all began many, many years ago, in a little town in Massachusetts. There, I was led astray at an early age. The first slip was alphabet blocks, harmless in themselves. Then it was but a step to cloth picture books, and from cloth picture books to "The Motor Boys," from "The Motor Boys" to novels and a little port wine.

Ah! The pitfalls of youth, care-free, headstrong youth. Tsk-tsk!

Then came the war—no, I'm wrong—then came—but, anyway, it seemed like a good chance to get a lot of free books, so I became—a reviewer.

Oh, I know,—I tried to conceal it by claiming to be a reporter of books, but there's no getting away from the fact that I was a reviewer—a paid reviewer. The pity of it!

Think what it means to have to read five or six books a week and write about them without repeating yourself more than seven or eight times in a fortnight.

Think what it means to answer questions like, "Do you really read the books?" or, "What do you think of Joan Lowell?" or, "What's a good book to read?"

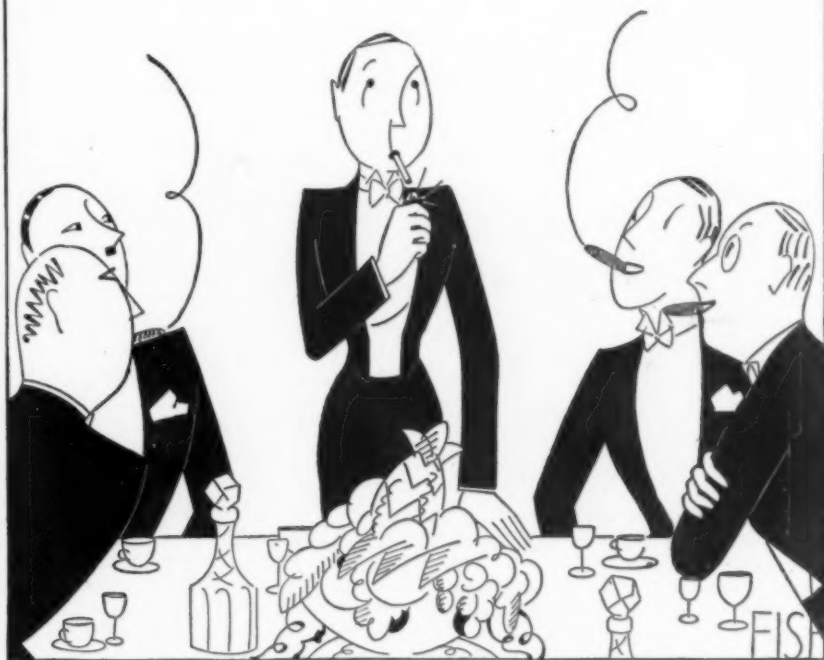
For the benefit of my successor—poor wretch—let me say here and now that it is practically necessary to read the books. But that is no great chore, and, after all, you get paid for just

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

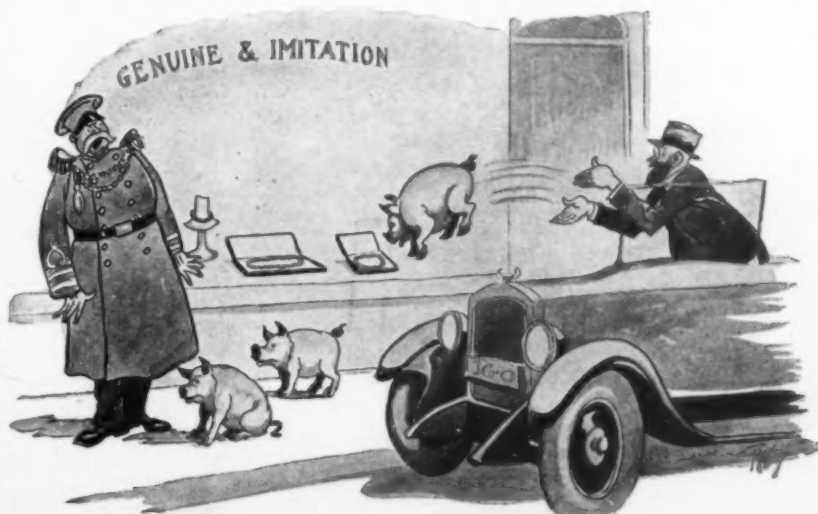
When you have forgotten

your speech and lost your notes . . .

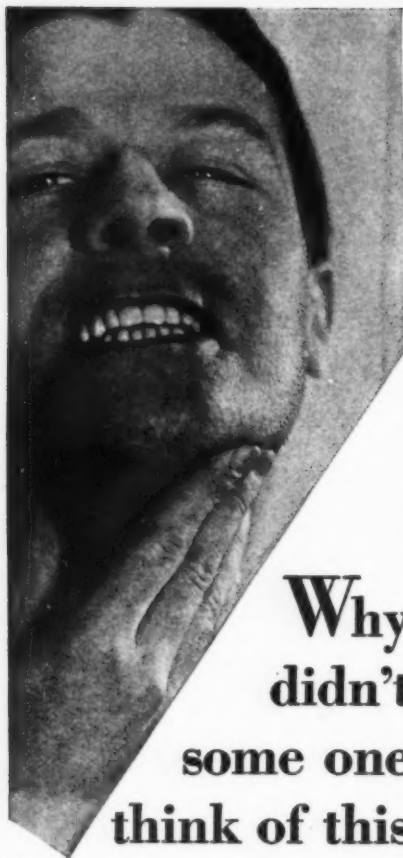
be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



Experimenter with lots of time on his hands, casting swine before pearls.



## Why didn't some one think of this before?

—SAYS many a man with a tough beard and a tender skin after trying Hinds Cream before he lathers.

We learned it by accident ourselves. It's an accident no longer. For millions of men now include it in their shaving ritual.

Marvelous for softening the beard! Try it and see for yourself! Just rub it in. Then lather right over it. After you shave, rub in some more to keep your skin relaxed all day.

Borrow your wife's bottle—or use the coupon.

## HINDS CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Before and After Shaving

© L. & F., 1929



LEHN & FINK, INC.  
Sole Distributors  
Dept. 1139  
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. I want a smooth, quick shave.

(Print name and address)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after May, 1930  
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

that . . . who do you think you are, Dorothy Parker?

Then, too, if you like a particular book, you'll want to read it anyway. If you don't, you'd be a fool not to finish it on the chance of finding something to take a crack at in the later chapters.

Some people can work up pretty fancy reviews with opinions and psychological criticisms from a swift estimate of the jacket blurbs, the press sheets, and the books section of the New York Herald-Tribune. But I never was smart enough to get away with that sort of thing—very often.

There are, to be sure, a lot of books that don't get read at all. Most of the fun comes from guessing what will be a Big Thing, and what might just as well have been privately printed. There are some publishers that seem to specialize in bad books, poor little pre-mature brain children that are not quite right.

Once in a while, of course, they fool you, and a first novel with all the appearances of a dud explodes into a best seller. But not often.

Again (still for the benefit of my successor) look out for so-called publisher's teas. A lot of authors and authoresses turn out to be rather charming and fascinating under the influence of stimulants, and it is very easy to let a charm hang-over improve on what is really a dull variation on an antiquated theme.

Well, it's all over. From now on, I can read what I like—not what looks as though it might turn out to be important. And if anybody asks me what I think of a book, I'll say, "How are you?" and change the subject.

Perhaps it's just as well. This thing couldn't have gone on much longer without somebody calling me a "literary critic" and forcing me to end it all. Only the other day, my little innocent girl came up to my knee and said, "Daddy—dear old daaadee-ee! Is it true? Oh, say it ain't so . . . what the other girls are whispering . . . about your taking money for reading b-books?"

"Yes, dear," I confessed, hanging my head with shamey-shame, "it's—it's true. . . . But please try to understand— . . . please be broad— . . . don't be hard on your old father . . . it wasn't very much money."

So we are going away . . . away from it all . . . perhaps, in a distant city, under an assumed name, we can take up life anew . . . perhaps our little gal may forget, in time, that her old man reviewed books.

But, I—I can never forget . . . I'll have to buy them, now . . . Ah! the pity of it. . . .

## A Pipe Gives More Than Mere Pleasure

Here are four tips why

Pipe-smoking does more than just afford a man genuine enjoyment; it seems to help a man's bean work better.

Pipe-smokers are calm, unruffled fellows. They think straight in meetings, skip ahead of other minds. They pack their briars, light a match, take a few deliberate puffs . . . and clear-cut decisions are there!

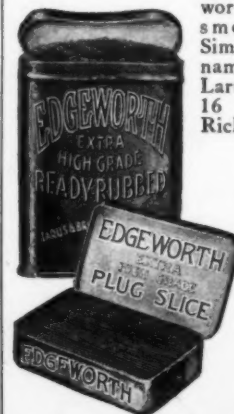
Just smoke a pipe yourself for a while and see if it's not so. You'll agree with what science has *always* held: *that the sweetest, purest, most enjoyable form in which tobacco can be smoked is in a pipe.*

### Four Hot Tips from Smokers "in the know"

- 1 *Never smoke a hot pipe.* Allow the bowl to cool and dry after every smoking. Not a bad idea to have two pipes! Try it and see how much more enjoyable pipe-smoking is!
- 2 *Don't be an "asthmatic pipe-smoker"*—one of those birds that blow the smoke back into the stem of the pipe—not out of the corner of their lips. "Asthmatic smokers" overheat their bowls and hence miss two-thirds of the joy of good pipe-smoking.
- 3 *Smoke a good pipe.* Pay at least a dollar. More if you can. You're buying a friend. Buy a good one. A cheap pipe (with the exception of an unfinished corn-cob) is often so heavily painted over to hide imperfections that you smoke varnish—not pure, fragrant tobacco.
- 4 *Smoke a good tobacco.* Not necessarily an expensive, fancy brand. There is a certain Burley mixture that comes in a little tin that has been a leading favorite in this country for more than twenty-five years. Edgeworth . . . and it costs only 15c!

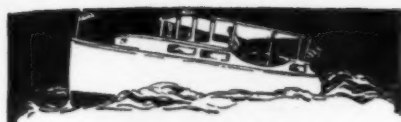
### Try this FREE offer now!

If you've never smoked a pipe—let us send you *free* some generous pipefuls of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.



Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in various sizes from small pocket packages, to handsome pound humidors. Plug Slice Edgeworth is pack-

ed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.



## THERE IS NO GREATER BOAT VALUE THAN THE CRUISABOUT!

Just imagine—a floating summer home completely equipped with berths for five and deck space for more than a dozen people at the unusually low price of \$3685.00.

Because of standardization, Richardson Cruisabouts are low in price—high in quality. Clear White Oak, Cedar and Mahogany are used for the hulls and cabins; fittings are of brass; power by a Gray 6 to take you over the water at nearly 12 knots.

And the Richardson Cruisabout is ready to go. Fill up with gas and oil, heave your personal belongings aboard, and sail away for the most glorious outing you've ever had.

Our new Cruisabout Booklet B will give you all the facts about the three low-priced, high quality cruisabout models. Send for it to-day as the first step toward a pleasant summer on the water.

RICHARDSON BOAT CO., INC.  
315 Sweeney St. Tonawanda, N. Y.

## Richardson Cruisabouts

ANOTHER BIG CONTEST  
\$1,000.00  
in Prizes  
STARTS SOON  
keep your eye on LIFE!



## Fish a little Laze a little Dream a little....

AN OCCASIONAL "chug-a-rum" from among the lily pads . . . or the song of a locust. You drift in cool shade—in full understanding of the beauty and peace of the moment. . . .

Canoeing in an Old Town brings you the essence of perfect relaxation. A slight paddle dip and you laze. A strong drive and you glide swiftly. Old Town Canoes are graceful and trim—patterned after real Indian models. As low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1936 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

## Awfully Shipwrecked

(Continued from Page 13)

The situation was far from being an ideal one. But better times were coming.

John Henry and Marion were seated on the beach one fine day. He was wishing for a roast cow and she was wishing for a roast pig. She grew faint so John Henry, to help her along, started wishing for her pig as well as his cow.

It was a heavy burden for him, but as he looked toward heaven for strength he saw some large birds. Ah, food at last.

The birds themselves were out of reach, being high even in the tropics. Their shadows, however, were darting up and down the beach. John Henry and Marion ate the shadows. Ate them even without salt and pepper.

Heigh ho! A carefree life and a merry one. But all such joys must end. One day the shadows were all gone. Even though the birds were still plentiful John Henry and Marion had eaten all their shadows. Once more hunger came.

Then, out of a clear sky, a dark black shadow almost as large as a house darted across the beach. Marion screamed for joy. Her bare little toes threw sand in John Henry's eyes as the two darted toward their swiftly moving luncheon.

Marion reached the shadow first. She took a bite. Her screams of joy were changed to howls of pain. John Henry looked up and saw the shadow came from an airplane. Marion had broken a tooth on it.

Thereafter they were reduced to eating asofo tracks. The asofo is a large animal somewhat like a deer, except a deer is usually coming from some place while an asofo is usually found going some place.

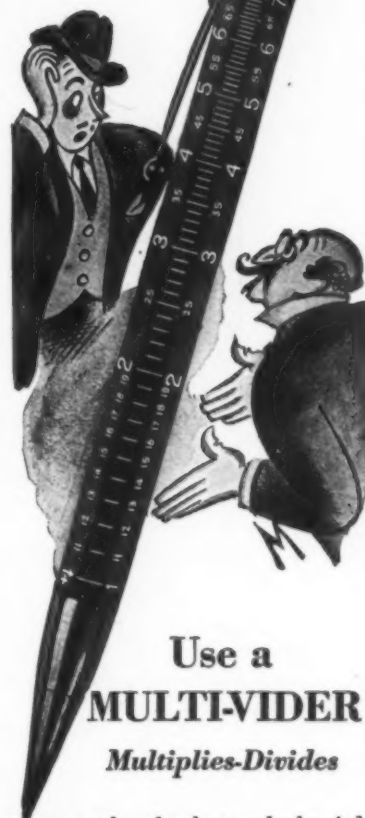
Once accustomed to them, the asofo tracks made a satisfying food. Dinner consisted of about six miles of them. On Sundays and holidays John Henry and Marion usually ate nine miles of tracks. Then they slept under a palm tree or frolicked about the beach.

Heigh ho! It was a carefree life again. But unkind fate willed that such bliss must not endure. The asofo became lazy and refused to make any tracks. Crazy by hunger, John Henry lost his temper and killed the asofo.

Starvation stared them in the face once more, awful starvation.

Marion suggested to John Henry that he signal a ship. There was a terrible quarrel about it. "That's the way with you girls," snapped John Henry, "when I could give you bird shadows and asofo tracks you were content. You pretended you loved me.

## When bartering in foreign lands—



Use a  
**MULTI-VIDER**  
Multiplies-Divides

HERE'S solace for the traveler harried by foreign exchange! An ideal gift. The Multi-Vider dispels, forever, that uneasy feeling of gullibility when you shop abroad. For, if a price is quoted you in francs or lire or gulden, you no longer need to guess or figure. Just set the magic scale—and instantly, you read the cost in good American money.

The Multi-Vider is an amazing pocket calculator that anyone can use. It figures percentages, stock yields, averages and other common problems in the twinkling of an eye. In addition, it's as fine an automatic pencil as you'll ever find.

### ✓ An Inspired Gift

A Multi-Vider for Commencement Day expresses your congratulations in a graceful, personal way. A handsome gift—a unique, useful pocket accessory.

The price?—Conservative! \$10.00 for the new improved Executive model, with gold-filled metal parts—\$5.00 for the Standard model, with metal parts silver-filled. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon to us today.

RUXTON MULTI-VIDER CORPORATION  
4085 Graybar Building, New York City

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please send me \_\_\_\_\_  
Executive Multi-Viders at \$10.00 each (\_\_\_\_\_  
Standard models at \$5.00 each).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

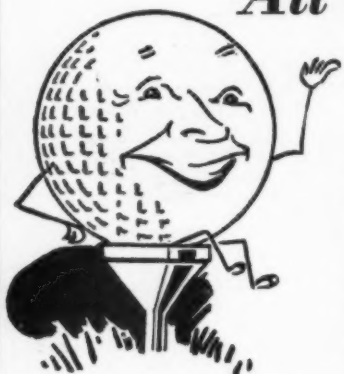


*The perfect complement to good clothes is Phoenix. Smart, up-to-the-minute style distinguishes this fine, sturdy hose. Its timely patterns are skillfully woven into its famous long-mileage texture. Phoenix provides the season's newest designs with the greatest economy. 50c to \$2.00 a pair.*

**PHOENIX HOSIERY**

## ALL REDDY TEED

*for a nice long sail*



An invitation to S-M-A-C-K it! When the ball sets up so pretty on a Reddy Tee, you never think of dubbing a drive. Instead, a nice clean poke and away she sails—out past the 200 yard line. Reddy Tees actually make it easier to hit the ball. That's why Champions play off with them—and the good players in every club use them. Reddy Tees were invented by a lover of the game who didn't like the wet, sticky sand cutting his fingers and spoiling his grip. Thus he contributed to your comfort and pleasure as well as his own. Ask your professional for Reddy Tees.



*The*  
**REDDY TEE**

*Buy from your "Pro"*

Now that I have no shadows or tracks, you ask me to signal a ship." He was very bitter.

"Shut yer dern trap," yelled the beautiful girl, angry herself. "You men are all alike. I should have known better than to get shipwrecked with you."

Then she softened. After all, she had a heart of gold. Only those who have starved to death can understand what made her speak so harshly.

"I'll sock you in the eye," said John Henry, abashed.

Marion hung her beautiful head and blushed.

The picture was too lovely. "Will you marry me?" John Henry stammered.

Marion's answer was a sigh as she sank into her lover's arms.

Nothing could hold John Henry now. He jumped to his feet and began calling for a ship. He called for two ships, a dozen ships, a thousand ships. All that night, and the next, and the next, John Henry called ships.

But no ships came.

He called British ships, American ships, French ships, Italian ships, German ships, Swiss ships and even Chinese ships. He called entire navies. Expense didn't matter.

But no ships came.

He tried calling taxis—no result. He whistled for a dog—no dog. He called long distance—no answer.

John had missed his calling.

Weeks later, clasped in each other's arms, John Henry and Marion succumbed to exposure. John dug a grave for her under a palm tree. He placed her in it tenderly, threw in the dirt and built a pyramid of stones above her to keep the wild animals away. Then she did the same for him.

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

*(Continued from Page 42)*

*Hands void of haste, and feet forgot to run.*

*Yet Death rends not in twain the veil of things.*

*So, Lazarus-like, I watch the sunlight fall*

*On children at their play, breathe deep the Spring's*

*Shy incenses, and hear the thrushes' call,*

*Finding them every one—hearts, petals, wings,*

*Curious, lovely, immaterial.*

But there is small danger of my getting even so much as a line of doggerel out of my philosophy. This night the scales did show that I have lost nine pounds in two weeks, for which I do thank God.

# Phenomenal **SUCCESS.** **RECORD SALES !**

## "FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

One button, in center of steering wheel, controls starter, lights and horn. Simple design; easy operation. No wires in steering post. You can keep your foot on brake when starting or re-starting on hill.



**SAFETY AND CONVENIENCE  
OF "FINGER-TIP CONTROL" PLUS  
GREATER BEAUTY AND LARGER BODIES,  
WIN TREMENDOUS PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE FOR  
ALL WHIPPET FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER MODELS**

All Willys-Overland sales records are broken as the new Superior Whippet's ever-growing tide of popularity sweeps the country. Thousands of new owners are responding to the appeal of the unprecedented value offered by this finest and most modern of light cars.

The longer bodies, smarter lines, higher radiator and hood, more distinctive colors and one-piece full-crown fenders of the new Superior Whippet make it the style authority in its class.

In sustained speed, dashing pick-up and brute power, the Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor. A new higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower. And Whippet's dependable performance and low operating costs result in complete owner satisfaction.

**WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO**



**4-CYLINDER COACH**

**\$535**

**6-CYLINDER COACH**  
*With 7-Bearing Crankshaft*

**\$695**

Whippet Four Coupe \$550; 4-passenger Coupe \$580; Roadster \$500; 4-passenger Roadster \$530; Collegiate Roadster \$595; Touring \$495; Sedan \$515; DeLuxe Sedan \$695; Chassis \$380. Whippet Six Sedan \$760; Coupe \$675; Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725; Sport De Luxe Roadster \$850 (including rumble seat and extras); De Luxe Sedan \$850. All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

# Whippet

**FOURS SIXES**

"I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL"

*—but*  
a "MISS"  
*is as*  
Good  
*as a*  
MILE

